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THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE KLOOF.

I.

"Chick-a-wee — chick-a-wee!"

The brown bird sang in the cedar-tree.

The sunset smote the hills into flame,
As down through the Kloof the Swazi came —

Through the Kloof, at a swinging stride,
With Dixon's message to Dixon's bride.

Dixon, down on the Vaal-stream bank,
Toiled each day till the red sun sank,

And through the glare of each weary day
Thought of his true love far away.

And he sent for a token, unto his own,
By Kama, the Swazi, a diamond stone,

And a letter, whose tune was the old, old song,
"Soon, love, soon — but ah! me — how long."

Kama the Swazi, true and tried,
Fared through the Kloof at eventide.

In the shade of the ironstone boulder grim
Stood the three that waited for him.

One blow — the space of a swift heart-beat —
He lay in the dust before their feet.

He lay — but the life was in him still;
"One more! these skullums are hard to kill."

Up again, for a breathing space,
But the ironwood club sent him down on his face.

"He has kept us long; the moon is high.
Fling him back in the bush to die!"

He lay, with his head on the sharp flint-stone,
Three hours dying, and all alone.

"They have taken the stone," he murmured
low,

"And my white Inkosi — he will not know!"

And back and forth, through the poor, dull
brain,

Went visions worse than his dying pain.

He saw, through the mist of his eyeballs dim,
Dixon waiting in vain for him,

And heard the voice that he loved the best
Say "He was faithless, like all the rest"

He moaned once more, in his pain and woe,
"My white Inkosi! he will not know."

And, all alone, on the mountain-side,
He turned his face to the moon, and died.

And still, through the midnight joyously,
The brown bird sang in the cedar-tree.

II.

Never foot of man, or hoof
Of horse, durst pass through Waterberg Kloof.

For at set of sun, when the dusk began,
Were heard the groans of a dying man.

And for nigh a twelvemonth, far and wide,
That terror went through the country-side.

Then, to put the thing to the proof,
Dixon rode through the Haunted Kloof.

Blue-eyed Dixon, gallant and gay,
Whistling to scare the ghosts away.

But the sun had dipt, and the darkness grew,
And a low sound shuddered the still air
through.

It moaned through the boughs of the cedar-
trees;
The grey horse trembled between his knees.

Out of the air, above, around
Grew and deepened the wailing sound,

And shaped into words its moaning low —
"My white Inkosi, he will not know!"

And Dixon turned, drew not rein or breath,
And rode like a man that flies from death.

That night, in camp, they whispered apart,
Of the fear that could shake an English heart.

But they came and searched, by light of day,
And found where the poor bones bleaching
lay,

And showed, as they whitened 'neath moon
and sun,
What the axe and the ironwood club had done.

And Dixon muttered, under his breath,
"I know, poor heart, thou wert true to
death!"

He turned, with his white face stern and set,
"May God forget me, if I forget!"

"If I forget!" sang mockingly
The brown bird up in the cedar-tree!

Longman's Magazine.

A. WERNER.

AFTER.

IF some day in the after years,
As one weary of the strife,
With nothing left save bitter fears
That mine had been a wasted life —

Should sense of failure bring despair,
And sin's remorse increase the pain,
Without a friend the grief to share,
What joy can then for me remain?

Ah this — that once in summer weather,
Ere yet we dreamed of youth's decline,
We spent one livelong day together,
That I was yours, and you were mine.

Chambers' Journal.

EDWARD ROEDNLI.

From The Contemporary Review.
SHOULD THE REFERENDUM BE INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND?

BY PROFESSOR A. V. DICEY.

It is a question for us Englishmen to consider whether it would be possible and advantageous to introduce the referendum at home. For instance, it might well be that such a vexatious question as Home Rule for Ireland could once for all be settled one way or the other, by a vote of the whole electoral body in the United Kingdom. We merely throw this out as a suggestion, but of course the conditions of Great Britain are very different from those of Switzerland, where the nation is so eminently democratic, and where the referendum has been habitually employed for a variety of local matters.*

These are the words of the only Englishman who has treated of modern Swiss politics both with adequate knowledge and with perfect impartiality. They will not in the long run fall unheeded on the public ear. The British Constitution, while preserving its monarchical form, has for all intents and purposes become a Parliamentary democracy. When this fact with all its bearings is once clearly perceived by Englishmen, theorists and politicians will assuredly ask themselves what may be the effect, for good or bad, of transplanting to England the newest and the most popular among the institutions of the single European State where the experiment of democratic government has, though tested by every possible difficulty, turned out a striking, and, to all appearance, a permanent, success.

My aim in this article is (following out the line of thought suggested by Sir Francis Adams), to examine three questions: first, what is the nature of the Swiss referendum? secondly, whether it be possible to introduce the principle of the referendum into the world of English politics; and, thirdly, whether such introduction would be beneficial to the nation? †

* Adams, *Swiss Confederation*, p. 87.

† The referendum is throughout this article described only in its broadest outline, for Englishmen are much more concerned with the principle of the Swiss institution than with the particular constitutional mechanism by which effect is given to the principle in Switzerland. Whoever desires further information should consult, among other authorities, Adams's "*Swiss Confederation*," cap. vi.; Orelli's "*Das Staatsrecht der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*," pp. 79, 80, 83-88; Con-

I.

THE referendum may be roughly defined as the reference to all vote-possessing citizens of the Confederation for their acceptance or rejection, of laws passed by their representatives in the Federal Assembly.*

Under the Swiss Constitution as amended or re-enacted in 1874, all legislation of the Federal Parliament is or may be subject to the referendum,† but an important distinction is drawn between laws which do, and laws which do not, effect changes in the Constitution.

In Switzerland, as in England, the Constitution can always be revised or altered by the National Parliament. But in Switzerland no law which revises the Constitution, either wholly or in part, can come into force until it has been regularly submitted by means of the referendum to the vote of the people, and has been approved both by a majority of the citizens who on the particular occasion give their votes, and also by a majority of the Cantons. With the elaborate provisions which secure that under certain circumstances a vote of the people shall be taken, not only on the question whether a particular amendment or revision of the Constitution approved by the Federal Assembly shall or shall not come into force, but also on the preliminary question whether any revision or reform of the Constitution shall take place at all, we need for our present purpose hardly trouble ourselves. What Englishmen should note is that when any law, or as we should say bill, amending the Constitution has passed the

stitution *Fédérale*, arts. 89, 90, and 121; and also a notice of Adams's work in the *LIVING AGE*, No. 2384, p. 579. The referendum, it should also be noted, is in this article treated of all but exclusively as a part of the Swiss Federal or National Constitution. It exists, however, and flourishes as a local institution in all but one or two Cantons. A competent English observer who should report minutely upon the working of the referendum as a cantonal institution, and especially at Zurich, would render a service of inestimable value to all students of political science.

* See Adams, p. 76.

† See *Constitution Fédérale*, arts. 89, 118-121. Swiss authorities do not apparently apply the term "referendum" to the popular sanction required for the validity of any revision of the Constitution under *Const. Fed.*, art. 121. It is, however, clear that the popular assent which is required for all constitutional amendments partakes of the nature of a referendum.

two Houses of the Federal Assembly, it cannot take effect until it has been made the subject of a referendum and has received the assent of a majority both of the voters and of the Cantons. For the validity, in short, of a constitutional change a reference to the people is an absolute necessity. The referendum is here, in the language of Swiss constitutionalists, an "obligatory" or "necessary" referendum.

Critics ought further to note that the necessity for the referendum extends to many laws which under our English system would not be called Reform Bills, or be considered to effect any amendment of the Constitution. The reason of this is that the Swiss Constitution contains a large number of articles which have no reference to the distribution or exercise of sovereign power, but which embody general maxims of policy, or (it may be) special provisions as to matters of detail, to which the Swiss attach great importance, and which therefore they do not wish to be easily alterable. All the enactments, however, contained in the Constitution, form, whatever be their essential character, part thereof. No one of them can therefore be legally abolished or modified without the employment of the referendum. Thus a law which limited the liberty of conscience secured by Article 49 of the Federal Constitution, or which interfered with the liberty of the press guaranteed by Article 55, or which in contravention of Article 65 enacted that treason or any political offence should be punished by death, would not, according to English ways of thinking, bring about a constitutional change; but it would undoubtedly modify a part of the Federal Constitution, and could not therefore be enacted without the use of the referendum.

Laws which do not affect the articles of the Constitution come (or may come) into force on being passed by the Federal Parliament without the necessity for being submitted to a popular vote.

But in the case even of ordinary legislation thirty thousand voters, or eight Cantons, may, within a definite period, fixed by statute, after the passing of any law,

demand that it shall be submitted to the Swiss people for approval or rejection. When once this demand has been duly made the particular law, say an Education Act, to which it applies, must of necessity be made the subject of a referendum. Whether it comes into force or not depends on the result of the popular vote. There is, be it observed, no need in this instance for obtaining the assent of the majority of the Cantons. This referendum, which may or may not be required according as it is or is not demanded, is called, in the language of Swiss jurists, a "facultative" or "optional" referendum.*

The matter then stands shortly thus: No change can be introduced into the Constitution which is not sanctioned by the vote of the Swiss people. The Federal Assembly, indeed, may of its own authority pass laws which take effect without any popular vote, provided these laws do not affect the Constitution; but it is practically certain that no enactment important enough to excite effective opposition can ever become law until it has received the deliberately expressed sanction of the Swiss people.

Foreigners often miss the true characteristics of the referendum in Switzerland, because they confuse it with essentially different forms of appeal to the people which are known to other countries.

The referendum looks at first sight like a French plébiscite,† but no two institutions can be marked by more essential differences.

A plébiscite is a mass vote of the French people by which a revolutionary or imperial executive obtains for its policy, or its crimes, the apparent sanction or condonation of France. Frenchmen are asked at the moment, and in the form most convenient to the statesmen or conspirators who rule in Paris, to say ay or no whether they will or will not, accept a given constitution or a given policy. The crowd of voters are expected to reply

* It would appear further that, as a matter of practice even where no demand is made for an appeal to the people, the Federal Council or Ministry may, if it thinks fit, make any ordinary law the subject of a referendum.

† See Maine, *Popular Government*, pp. 38-41.

in accordance with the wishes or the orders of the executive, and the expectation always has met, and an observer may confidently predict always will meet, with fulfilment. The plébiscite is a revolutionary, or at least abnormal, proceeding. It is not preceded by debate. The form and nature of the question to be submitted to the nation is chosen and settled by the men in power. Rarely indeed, when a plébiscite has been taken, has the voting itself been either free or fair. Taine has a strange tale to tell of the methods by which a Terrorist faction, when all but crushed by general odium, extorted from the country by means of the plébiscite a sham assent to the prolongation of revolutionary despotism.* The credulity of partisanship can nowadays hardly induce even Imperialists to imagine that the plébiscites which sanctioned the establishment of the empire, which declared Louis Napoleon president for life, which first re-established Imperialism, and then approved more or less Liberal reforms, fatal at bottom to the imperial system, were the free, deliberate, carefully considered votes of the French nation given after the people had heard all that could be said for and against the proposed innovation. Grant that in more than one of these cases the verdict of the plébiscite corresponded with the wish of the nation. The plébiscite itself still remains without value, for, at the moment when the nation was asked to express the national will, France was placed in such a position that it would have been scarcely possible for any sane man to form any other wish than that assent to the government's proposals might remove all excuse for prolonging a period of lawlessness or despotism. It is reasonable enough to believe that France desired the rule of the First Napoleon. But this belief depends on the result not of Napoleonic plébiscites, but of a fair estimate of the condition of affairs and of the state of public opinion. We may believe, in short, that the plébiscite which sanctioned the foundation of the empire expressed the will of the nation, because

there are rational grounds for believing that France might desire imperial government. But no one bases his belief in the desire for the empire on the result of the plébiscite which nominally sanctioned its establishment. Deliberation and discussion are the requisite conditions for rational decision. Where effective opposition is an impossibility, nominal assent is an unmeaning compliment.

The essential characteristics, however, the lack of which deprives a French plébiscite of all moral significance, are the undoubted properties of the Swiss referendum. When a law revising the Constitution is placed before the people of Switzerland, every citizen throughout the land has enjoyed the opportunity of learning the merits and the demerits of the proposed alteration. The subject has been "threshed out," as the expression goes, in Parliament; the scheme, whatever its worth, has received the deliberately given approval of the elected Legislature; it comes before the people with as much authority in its favor as a bill which in England has passed through both Houses. The voters have been given the opportunity before pronouncing their decision of learning all that can be said for, and (what is still more important) all that can be said against, a definite measure, by every man who, either from a public platform, or in the columns of the press, or in private conversation, advocates or deprecates its adoption. The position of the Swiss people when summoned to vote upon a constitutional amendment is pretty much what would have been the position of the British electorate if, in 1886, the Home Rule Bill had, after ample discussion and amendment, passed through both Houses of Parliament, and thereupon the queen, feeling the extreme importance of the occasion, had called upon the voters of the United Kingdom to give an answer by a mass vote "ay" or "no" to the question whether she should or should not give her assent to the Government of Ireland Bill, 1886. Swiss citizens, be it added, vote on the occasion of a referendum at least as freely as do English electors at a general election. Neither the Council nor the Federal Assembly can constrain or influ-

* See Taine, *La Révolution*, tome iii. ; *Le Gouvernement Révolutionnaire*, pp. 551 and following.

ence their votes; as a matter of fact, the voters constantly reject measures referred to them for approval. The gravest charge brought against the referendum by its critics, and brought with much show of reason, is that it obstructs improvement. Whatever be the force of this criticism, the mere fact that it can be made with plausibility affords conclusive proof that the referendum is a real appeal to the true judgment of the nation, and that the appeal is free from the coercion, the unreality, and the fraud which taint or vitiate a plébiscite. The referendum, in short, is a regular, normal, peaceful proceeding, as unconnected with revolutionary violence or despotic coercion, and as easily carried out, as the sending up of a bill from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. It causes less disturbance, and probably less excitement, throughout the country than is occasioned in the United Kingdom by a general election.

To an Englishman the idea naturally occurs that a general election is in its nature, though not in its form, a referendum.

The idea is plausible, and falls in with our ordinary way of speaking. We are accustomed to say that the passing of an important bill is finally determined by an appeal to the electors; that, for example, the great Reform Bill was carried by the general election of 1831; that the Irish Church was disestablished by the verdict of the electors in 1868; or that in 1886 the Home Rule Bill was rejected by the British people. This mode of speaking contains in itself an element of truth. A general election is an appeal to the people, and may under peculiar circumstances be made to serve, though in an awkward and imperfect manner, the purpose of a referendum. But we must not be deceived by words. A general election is an appeal to the people; so also is the exercise of the referendum; but the two appeals differ fundamentally from each other, and their points of difference are for our present purpose of vital consequence.

An election, after all, has for its primary and immediate object the appointment of representatives. It is a choice of persons or of parties; it is not a judgment on the merits or the demerits of a proposed law. No doubt the choice of members approaches every day more and more nearly to a decision on matters of policy, and at times an election really sanctions or vetoes proposed legislation. The personal element, however, is at every election a matter of moment; a strong candidate may carry a seat by his own individual strength.

The main and avowed object, moreover, of electors in voting for *A* rather than *B*, is not to determine whether a particular bill shall, or shall not, be passed, but whether the members of a particular party shall, or shall not, keep, or acquire, office. Thus, to take an example from the current events of the day, we all know that at the next general election, whenever it occurs, the question submitted to the electors will not be the advisability or impolicy of enacting a known scheme for the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, but the expediency of keeping the Unionists, or of placing the Gladstonians, in office. The electors will certainly not have before them a definite drafted bill, which they are finally called upon to disallow or approve. Never did an election approach more nearly to a referendum than that which followed the dissolution of 1831. The country pronounced by a crushing majority in favor of the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill. Yet the bill which ultimately became law differed in important particulars from the first and second Reform Bills. The crises, moreover, when as in 1831 the vote of the electors is determined almost wholly by their desire for a particular measure, or their aversion to it, are of rare occurrence. An election must be a decision on general policy. It is usually in England an answer to the question, not whether a particular bill shall become law, but whether a given set of men shall govern the country. It were difficult in any case to keep clear from each other questions of persons, of policy, and of legislation. But our English system of government makes it a certainty that statesmen of all parties will do their best to confuse the issues which at an election are nominally submitted to the verdict of the nation. A ministry will always, if possible, dissolve at the moment when any adventitious circumstance enhances the popularity of the Cabinet. A success abroad, any circumstance which for the moment discredits a leading-opponent, any sudden event which may have raised the reputation of the government or brought odium upon the opposition, will be used as a means for inducing the electors to favor the ministerial policy, and to return representatives who may support the legislation recommended by the ministry. The opposition of the day will follow suit. Every accident which tells against the party in office, every error or alleged error of judgment, whether important or trifling, which affects the momentary popularity of the Cabinet — the inconsiderate utter-

ances of a premier, the inopportune severity, or the undue leniency, of a home secretary in the execution of the law, the badness of the seasons, and the depression of trade — are each and all of them matters which respectable politicians turn to account in the effort to deprive the government of the day of public good-will, and to divert the attention of the electors from the serious and substantial issue whether the kind of legislation which is opposed by the one, and supported by the other, of the great parties in the State, be or be not likely to benefit the country. It were useless and pedantic to blame or deplore conduct which, however disastrous to the country, results naturally from the faults of human nature when these vices are fostered by a scheme of public life, which links indissolubly together the personal success and influence of politicians with the triumph of particular schemes of legislation. Nor is partisanship always to blame for the confusion of issues which the public interest imperatively requires to be kept clear of each other. An election determines which of two parties shall enjoy the advantages, and incur the responsibilities, of government. Now it may well happen that men of sense and patriotism wish, on the whole, to keep a particular body of statesmen in power, whilst severely condemning some legislative proposal which these statesmen advocate. These well-meaning citizens are at a general election placed upon the horns of a dilemma from which there is no practical escape. They must either banish from office men whose policy they in many respects approve, or else sanction the passing of a law which they believe to be impolitic. Contrast this state of things with the position of the Swiss people when appealed to by means of the referendum. The appeal is exactly what it purports to be, a reference to the people's judgment of a distinct, definite, clearly stated law. Every bill laid before the Swiss for their acceptance has, be it again noted — for this is a fact which can hardly be too strongly insisted upon — passed through both Houses of the Federal Parliament. It has been drafted by the Federal ministry or Council; it has been the object of ample discussion; its fair consideration has been, or certainly may be, secured by all the safeguards known to the Parliamentary system. The referendum does not hurry on a single law, nor facilitate any legislation which Parliamentary wisdom or caution disapproves. It merely adds an additional safeguard against the

hastiness or violence of party. It is not a spur to democratic innovation; it is a check placed on popular impatience.*

If may be worth adding that the most trustworthy Swiss authorities consider an "obligatory" far preferable to an "optional" referendum; the latter is the result of an agitation which gives a character of partisanship to the resulting referendum.

The law to be accepted or rejected is laid before the citizens of Switzerland in its precise terms; they are concerned solely with its merits or demerits, their thoughts are not distracted by the necessity for considering any other topic. No one's seat either at the Council board or in the Assembly depends upon the law's passing. The councillors will continue to discharge their administrative duties whether the measures submitted to the Swiss people are or are not sanctioned by the citizens. The rejection of measures approved by the Federal Parliament does not, it would appear, injure the position of the majority by whom the rejected schemes have been proposed or supported. The Swiss distinguish between men and measures; they send to Parliament the members, say the Radicals, with whose policy they on the whole agree, even though these representatives have carried through Parliament bills to which the Swiss voters refuse their assent. This fact is well established; it is quite of a piece with the absolutely indisputable fact that the members of the Swiss Council, or ministry, though they require triennial re-election by the Federal Assembly, hold office by what is practically a permanent tenure. All this appears odd enough to Englishmen. To a stranger from China or Persia, such as philosophers of the eighteenth century introduced into their essays as the observer, critic, or satirist of European customs, the habits of English public life may appear more opposed to the dictates of right reason than the practice of the Swiss democracy. However this may be, the people of Switzerland have recognized to the full their own sovereignty, and act in the main on the principles which guided an English monarch during the ages when, though Par-

* Of course in making this statement, I do not refer to the right given under Constitutional *Fédérale*, art. 120, to fifty thousand Swiss citizens of demanding the preparation of a scheme for revising the Constitution. This right is what Swiss authors call the initiative, and is certainly not an essential part of the referendum. A law which has passed the Houses is sometimes submitted to the people in such a form that the voters may accept it either wholly or in part, but in general I believe laws for the amendment of the Constitution are voted upon as a whole.

liament was the acknowledged and sovereign legislature of the land, the king was the most influential member of the sovereign power. A Tudor monarch retained valued servants in his employment, even though he rejected their advice. He acknowledged the legislative authority of Parliament, but he maintained his claim to be part of the legislature and refused assent to bills which, though passed by the Houses, seemed to him impolitic. The Swiss people in like manner, being the true sovereign of Switzerland, retain, in the service of the State, ministers whose measures the voters nevertheless often refuse to sanction. The Swiss democracy values the legislative ability of the Federal Parliament, but, like an English king of the sixteenth century, constantly withholds assent from bills passed by the two Houses. The referendum is a revival of the mis-called "veto," but is a veto lodged in the hands, not of a sovereign monarch, but of a sovereign people. Such a veto produces the same effects, whatever be the power by which it is exercised. It secures the Constitution against any change which the sovereign does not deliberately approve; it tends to produce permanence in the tenure of office; it undermines the strength of that elaborate party system which in England lies at the basis not of Parliamentary government, but of government by Parliament.

II.

No vital change in either the law or the customs of the Constitution would be so easy of introduction into England as the establishment in principle of the referendum, or of a popular veto on any amendment or alteration in the Constitution; such, for example, as the disestablishment of the Church, or a considerable diminution in the numbers of the House of Commons.

The methods by which this popular veto might be established are various and of different merit.

First. The House of Lords might adopt a new policy with regard to all bills which, in the judgment of the peers, modified the Constitution. They might announce their resolution, on the one hand, to reject every bill, from whatever party it might proceed, which contained constitutional amendments, until the bill, after having passed the House of Commons, had been in effect submitted to the electors at a general election, and had received their sanction by the return of a decisive ma-

jority in its favor; and, on the other hand, when once such a majority had been obtained, to pass as a matter of constitutional duty any bill which, being again approved by the House of Commons, substantially corresponded with the measure the peers had before rejected, with a view to ensuring its submission to the judgment of the nation.

Such a policy, if carried out with vigor and impartiality, would constitute the House of Lords the guardian of the Constitution. It would involve a great nominal sacrifice of authority, but the real loss would be little or nothing, for the peers would exchange an unrestricted veto, which they cannot exercise, for a suspensive veto which would be real, because its exercise would be supported by popular approval.

This is the easiest mode of establishing the referendum. It is, however, the least satisfactory. The act finally passed after a general election, would not be the bill on which the nation had pronounced a verdict. What is of far more importance, a general election is, for reasons already stated, but an indifferent imitation of a true referendum.

Secondly. Either House of Parliament might petition the crown not to assent to the passing of a particular bill, say for the disestablishment of the Church, or for granting the Parliamentary suffrage to women, unless and until a vote of the electors throughout the United Kingdom had been taken, and the majority of the electorate had voted in favor of the crown giving its assent.

The queen might further conceivably *motu proprio*—i.e., in truth, on the advice of the Cabinet for the time being—announce that her Majesty would give or refuse her assent to a given bill which had passed the two Houses, according to the results of the votes given on the matter by the electors of the United Kingdom.

This use of the royal prerogative has been suggested by Mr. Frank Hill, in a recent number of the *Contemporary*. It would, of course, be new and anomalous; it would therefore be called "unconstitutional" by every man who feared the result of an appeal to the people. But this employment of the veto would be in strict conformity with the principles which have governed the growth of the Constitution. English history, from a constitutional point of view, is little else than a record of the transactions by which the prerogatives of the crown have been transformed into the privileges of the people.

The exercise of the prerogative has no doubt hitherto been in effect transferred from the crown to the House of Commons. But now that the true political sovereign of the State is the electorate, the crown may rightly exercise the royal veto, so as to ensure that changes in the Constitution shall not be in reality opposed to the will of the electors. It were impossible for the queen to make a more legitimate exertion of her prerogative than to use it as the means for checking the arrogance of party by ensuring the supremacy of the nation.

Thirdly. Parliament might insert in any important act (such, for example, as any statute for the repeal or modification of the Act of Union with Ireland) the provision that the act should not come into force unless and until, within six months of its passing, a vote of the electors throughout the United Kingdom had been taken, and a majority of the voters had voted in favor of the act.

Fourthly. A general act might be passed containing two main provisions: first, that the act itself should not come into force until sanctioned by such a vote of the electors of the United Kingdom as already mentioned; and secondly, that no future enactment affecting certain subjects—*e.g.*, the position of the crown, the constitution of either House of Parliament, or any part of either of the Acts of Union—should come into force, or have any effect, until sanctioned by such vote as aforesaid of the electors of the United Kingdom.

It is not my object to draft even in outline an enactment for the introduction of an appeal to the electors with reference to legislation of grave importance. Any act establishing a referendum would necessarily lay down the conditions on which the vote of the electors should be taken and the mode of taking it. Such a statute might, it is clear, make the validity of the law which was to be submitted to popular approval depend either upon its obtaining in its favor the vote of the majority of the electorate, or upon its obtaining, as in Switzerland, the approval of the majority of the electors who actually vote. With these and other details no man of sense will at present trouble his mind; what needs to be insisted upon is that, either by the use of the prerogative, or by direct Parliamentary enactment, the referendum may easily be introduced among the political institutions of the United Kingdom; it may be introduced either in a general form, or experimentally in regard to a particular enactment. There is no lack of

mechanism for achieving this object; the resources of the Constitution are infinite.

Some theorist will object that any act introducing the referendum will have little validity, since Parliament might by a subsequent statute undo its own handiwork. This objection, whatever be its speculative force, is in the particular case of no practical moment. Any careful student of the Swiss Constitution will perceive that the Federal Assembly might, under the articles of the Constitution itself, occasionally dispense with or override the referendum.* This possibility of rapid legislation may conceivably be of great advantage at a crisis, which places the existence of the nation in peril. But in Switzerland the rights of the people are never in fact overridden. As it is in Switzerland, so would it be in England. Let a popular veto be established, and the popular veto will command respect.

A critic may again suggest that the introduction of the referendum is practically impossible, because the change it involves is opposed at once to the interests and to the instincts of members of Parliament. That the House of Commons would cordially dislike an innovation which tends to diminish the importance of the House admits not of dispute. In this one instance, however, the feeling of members of Parliament is of small importance; the authority of the House depends on the support of the electors. An appeal to the electorate, by whatever party and by whatever means it is introduced, will never offend the electors. The rejection of a bill by the Lords excites indignation because it may be represented as a defiance offered by the aristocracy to the will of the people. But were the crown, or the Lords, to prevent a bill coming immediately into force solely for the sake of submitting it to the people for popular approval or rejection, a course of proceeding which would elicit Parliamentary rhetoric and reprobation, could provoke no popular censure. The nation would condone or applaud a direct appeal to the nation's own sovereignty.

The possibility of introducing the principle of the referendum into English legislation admits not of doubt. The far more important question is whether a change of immense moment, which is certainly feasible, is also expedient.

III.

WOULD the introduction of the referendum into England be of benefit to the nation?

* Constitution Fédérale, art. 89.

This is an inquiry which no competent student of comparative politics will answer off-hand, or with dogmatic assurance.

The assumption were rash that even in Switzerland, where the recognition of the popular veto on legislation is firmly established, the referendum is entirely successful, and does not produce evils which must be carefully weighed against its alleged beneficial results; and though Conservative Swiss opinion now, on the whole, favors an institution originally invented and introduced by Radicals, there is no doubt that the referendum is, in the opinion of fair-minded and competent judges among the Swiss, open to criticism and to censure.

It were, again, the rashest of assumptions that arrangements which work well in Switzerland are certain to produce good effects in England. The Swiss republic is no ideal commonwealth. And the experience of more than a century makes it impossible for honest thinkers to fancy that in the world, either of fact or of imagination, they can discover some perfect constitution which may serve as a model for the correction of the vices to be found in existing politics. No man endowed with a tithe of Montesquieu's learning and sagacity could at the present day treat the institutions of any country after the manner in which the Constitution of England was treated by the author of the "*Esprit des Lois*." It were invidious to dwell on the short-comings of that immortal work, for modern critics are far more likely to neglect the vital truths contained, and to a certain extent concealed, under the dogmas of the French jurist than to exaggerate the importance of teaching expressed in formulas which have ceased to be the commonplaces of the day. Yet the mistakes of Montesquieu contain a lasting warning. He studied English institutions with infinite care, yet in some points he profoundly misunderstood the Constitution which was the object of his intellectual adoration and his misunderstandings, just because their ingenuity have misled generation after generation. The errors of Montesquieu are not more instructive than the mistakes made by the greatest among his disciples. The more minutely the details of the French Revolution are studied the stronger becomes the conviction of capable judges that the genius of Burke was, even when swayed by passion, endowed with something of prophetic insight into the nature and the perils of the most astounding movement or catastrophe which, since the days of the Reformation,

has convulsed Europe. But every increase in historical knowledge, just as it enhances our veneration for Burke's insight into the follies and the vices of the Revolution, also increases our sense of the gravity of those misconceptions as to French history and character which, for the purposes of practical guidance, made his prophetic power all but useless.

We have all now learnt that *calum non animum mutant*, if true of individuals, is profoundly untrue of institutions. English constitutionalism has been transplanted from its native soil to every civilized land, but in no single instance has the exported plant reproduced the characteristics of the original stock. Even if the condition of Switzerland strikingly resembled the state of England, the referendum might probably change its character and working when transplanted from the Alpine republic to the insular monarchy. But the two countries differ as widely from each other as can any two lands, each of which is the home of rational freedom. Switzerland is the smallest of independent States; her population is less than that of London; federalism and localism of an extreme type are as natural to the Swiss as they are foreign to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Fortune has not given to us, and no human art can create in any part of the United Kingdom, the cantons and the communes which are the backbone of the Swiss political organization. In Switzerland, again, popular education has reached a level as high as perhaps is attainable in any modern European country; the Swiss are, in more points than one, the Scotch of continental Europe. The system of party, moreover, which flourishes with exuberant, or ominous, vigor in all countries inhabited by the English people, is, it would seem, but incompletely developed in the Swiss Republic. This is a point on which a foreigner must speak with the greatest caution. Swiss institutions, there is reason to believe, check the growth of the party system; but the imperfect development, not indeed of party feeling but of party organization, may well facilitate the working of Swiss institutions. Any thinker who gives fair weight to these obvious reflections will conclude that the success of the referendum in Switzerland falls far short of proof that a similar institution would work beneficially in England. Swiss experience is evidence that the popular veto may, under certain circumstances, produce good effects. This it does prove; but it proves nothing more.

Any one who wishes to weigh the expediency of introducing such a veto into the institutions of England under forms and limitations suitable to the genius of the country, will give less importance to the specific experience of Switzerland than to the general arguments which, as things now stand in the United Kingdom, are producible against and in favor of direct intervention by the electors in acts of legislation. He will also find it convenient to consider the operation of the referendum in England, not as a check on legislation generally, but as a veto solely on changes in the Constitution, or, at any rate, on laws affecting the fundamental institutions of the State, such as the poor-law.

Two obvious objections lie against the introduction of the referendum into England.

The referendum diminishes the importance of Parliamentary debate, and thereby detracts from the influence of Parliament.

That this must be so admits of no denial; a veto, whether it be exercised by a king or by an electorate, lessens the power of the legislature whereof the bills are liable to be vetoed. When Elizabeth refused her assent to half the bills of a session, the two Houses possessed nothing like the legislative authority which they exercise under Queen Victoria, who, during her reign of more than fifty years, has never refused assent to a bill passed by Lords and Commons. If ever the electors obtain authority to reject bills passed by the Houses, the Houses will lose their legislative supremacy. Debates which are indecisive can never possess the full importance, or interest, attached to discussions which result in final decisions.

Though the truth of the allegation that the referendum would diminish the authority of the legislature is undeniable, its practical importance may well be exaggerated; under any system similar to that which exists in Switzerland, no law could be passed without the full assent of Parliament. The referendum, as already pointed out, does not enable the electors to pass laws at their own will. It is a mere veto on such legislation as does not approve itself to the electorate. Debates in Parliament would in any case possess immense importance. The certainty of an appeal to the people might add to the reality, and increase the force, of Parliamentary argument. No one out of Bedlam supposes that the results of a division

are greatly, if at all, affected by the speeches which are supposed to convince the House. Sudden efforts of rhetoric, dexterity in the management of debate, astuteness in the framing of an amendment, may on rare occasions (generally to the damage of the country) affect the division list. But even the outside public can conjecture, before a debate has begun, what members will vote for or against the government; and a "whip" can venture upon predictions, having far more of certainty than is generally ascribed to conjecture. If it were certain that the ultimate fate of a measure, say for the disestablishment of the Church, would finally turn not upon the votes of members of Parliament, but upon the votes of outsiders who never took part in the hollow and artificial system of warfare waged at Westminster, it is conceivable that speakers in Parliament might address themselves to the task of convincing an unseen, but more or less dispassionate, audience; it is conceivable (wild though the idea appears) that power of reasoning might become a force of some slight moment even in practical politics. Swiss experience does here a little help us. There is nothing to show that the Federal Assembly lacks weight or respectability; it compares favorably enough with the Sovereign National Assembly, which makes and unmakes the ministries and controls the destiny of France. That "sovereignty of Parliament," moreover, which Parliamentarians defend against popular control is, though a legal fact, something of a political fiction. Worshipers of power instinctively discover where it is that their idol has its shrine. Oratory, rhetoric, reasoning, and adulation are nowadays addressed by politicians to the electors. The electorate is king; the referendum might turn out little more than the formal recognition of a fact which exists, even while men shut their eyes to its existence.

An appeal in matters of legislation from Parliament to the people is (it may be urged), on the face of it, an appeal from knowledge to ignorance.

This objection to the referendum has weighed heavily with Maine and thinkers of the same school. Its weight cannot be denied, but may be lessened by more than one reflection.

This line of attack on the principle of an appeal to the people is an assault upon the foundations of popular government. It establishes, indeed, what no one denies, that nations, which have not reached a

certain stage of development, are unfit for democratic institutions, and that democracy is a form of government which, at best, is marred by grave deficiencies. But if, for the sake of argument, we concede that every charge which reasonable men have brought against popular sovereignty can be substantiated — and this is to grant a good deal more than truth requires — the concession does not support the inference that the referendum is of necessity an evil. For the matter to be determined is not whether democracy be or be not an admirable form of government, but the quite different question, whether in democratic countries, like France, England, or Switzerland, a veto by the electors on the legislation of a democratic Parliament, especially when such legislation changes the Constitution, may not, on the whole, have salutary effects. The referendum is but a veto, and, for the purpose of the present article, a veto only on the alteration of fundamental laws. But were this appeal to the people imported from Switzerland tomorrow, and made, what no careful thinker would at present advise, applicable to every kind of law, it would not compel the passing by Parliament of a single act which Parliament might deem impolitic. Parliament could still maintain an institution such as, say, the poor-law, of dubious popularity, but of undoubted wisdom. What Parliament could not do (supposing the referendum were applicable to the poor-laws) would be to develop still further sound, though unpopular, principles in the administration of relief for the poor. This incapacity would be an evil. Unfortunately it is an evil which already exists. A modern Parliament may possibly maintain wise legislation enacted by the bold statesmanship of a less democratic age, but hardly in harmony with prevalent sentimentalism. But no modern Parliament will pass laws known to offend the general sentiment of the electors. This state of things may, or may not, be lamentable; it will not be rendered worse by recognizing its existence. It is an error to imagine that there is great danger in taking from Parliament theoretical authority certain never to be exercised in practice. Against this delusion it behoves us to be specially on our guard. The weakness of English statesmanship is to retain names whilst sacrificing realities; the crown has been stripped of real authority, whereof the maintenance might have been beneficial to the nation, by ministers who would have resigned rather than deprive the

crown of a single nominal prerogative. Nor is it certain that the independence of members of Parliament, if such independence has still any real existence, would decline in proportion to the increase in the legislative authority of the people. A member might defy the whims of local busybodies, or the fanaticism of benevolent associations, if he knew that his conduct might ultimately be ratified by the visible and unmistakable approval of the nation.

No doubt the Parliamentary opponents of the referendum have in their minds an idea which does not often in modern times find distinct expression in their speeches. They think, and not without reason, that electors well capable of determining who are the kind of men fit to be members of Parliament, are not capable of determining what are the laws which members of Parliament should pass or reject. This idea, as we all know, has been expressed in various forms by Burke, and by writers whom Burke influenced. Its substantial truth is, subject to certain reservations, past dispute, but its applicability to the circumstances of to-day is open to the gravest question. The House of Commons has ceased to be a body of men to whom the electors confide full authority to legislate in accordance with the wisdom or the interests of members of Parliament. It is really a body of persons elected for the purpose of carrying out the policy of the predominant party. It is not the fact that voters choose a respectable squire or successful merchant because they know him to be a worthy man, and trust that he will legislate more wisely for them than they could for themselves; they elect a member — a worthy man, if they can get him — because he pledges himself, more or less distinctly, to vote for certain measures and to support certain political leaders. Elections are now decided for or against the ministry according as the majority of the electors are Unionists or Gladstonians. It is idle to fancy that what the voters consider is simply, or mainly, the prudence, capacity, or character of their representative.

Full weight must be given to the arguments against the referendum, but it is equally necessary to examine fairly the grounds on which a fair-minded man may advocate the introduction into England of the popular veto on constitutional changes.

These grounds are, when stated broadly, twofold.

First, the referendum supplies, under the present state of things, the best, if not

the only possible, check upon ill-considered alterations in the fundamental institutions of the country.

Our Constitution stands in a peculiar position. It has always been from a legal point of view liable to revolution by act of Parliament. But this liability has till recent times been little more than a theoretical risk. From 1689 down to, roughly speaking, 1828, the fundamental laws of the land, though not unchangeable, were never changed. The customs and feeling and opinion of the age, no less than the interest of the classes who alone exercised effective political authority, all told against innovation. The idea of constant Parliamentary activity in the field of legislation was unknown to Englishmen till near the era of the Reform Act. Faction was as violent under George the Third as under Victoria; it was far more vicious and cruel in the last century than at present. But parties did not seek power by proposing alterations in the fundamental institutions of the land. Serious statesmen did not, the moment they quitted office, discover some new principle whereof the adoption was to achieve the main object of restoring its advocates to power, while it incidentally changed the composition of the electoral body. A century ago every one admired the far-famed Constitution of England, and the advocacy even of admitted improvements repelled rather than attracted the classes whose good-will conferred success on politicians. It were far easier in 1890 to abolish the House of Lords than it would have been in 1790 to disfranchise Old Sarum. The change or amendment of the Constitution was till recently a slow and laborious process. For nearly half a century before the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Act, every argument against the penal laws had been laid before the public. It took forty years more to drive into the minds of Englishmen the unanswerable objections to the exclusive maintenance of a Protestant Establishment in Ireland. Reform, free trade, and every important change in national laws or habits, has till recently been the fruit of agitation as long as it was laborious. This agitation was an evil in itself and the parent of evils, but it was the visible sign of the strength of the barriers opposed to innovation. The state of the world has now entirely altered. The authority of the crown, the influence of the nobility, our old party system grounded on aristocratic connection, the predominance of a prudent and moneyed middle-class, are matters of the

past. The barriers which used to limit the exercise of unbounded authority by a Parliamentary majority are all broken down. What is more serious, change has become the order of the day. An age devoid of the genuine revolutionary enthusiasm which a century ago carried away the best minds in Europe, is also devoid of the conservative instincts or passion which saved England from succumbing to the fanaticism or violence of the French Revolution. Everything is now deemed changeable, and there is nothing from the crown downwards which Parliament cannot legally change. The experience of 1886 has taught the country one lesson which will be remembered when the agitation for Home Rule is at an end. A bill which in effect repealed the Act of Union with Ireland might conceivably have become law without the country having ever expressed assent to a change amounting to a constitutional revolution. The measure, moreover, which might have been carried in 1886, is one which, as regards its most important provision, is now in 1890 neither advocated nor defended by Gladstonian Home Rulers. A calm critic, indeed, may doubt whether the bill of 1886 would not lose its one merit by the omission of the clauses which excluded Irish members from the British Parliament. With this matter we need not concern ourselves. The noteworthy point is that in 1886 Parliament might have passed a law which, if reproduced in the same form in 1890, would assuredly be vetoed on an appeal to the people. Here we come to the root of the whole matter. Englishmen have, in accordance with our curious system of bit-by-bit reform, at last established a democracy without establishing those safeguards which in avowedly democratic commonwealths, such as the United States or Switzerland, protect the Constitution from sudden changes, and thus ensure that every amendment in the fundamental laws of the land shall receive the deliberate sanction of the people; the object, be it noted, of these safeguards is not to thwart the wishes of the democracy, but to ensure that a temporary, or factitious, majority shall not override the will of the nation.

The time may come when Englishmen may borrow from America the constitutional provisions which, by delaying alterations in the Constitution, protect the sovereignty of the people. But to frame a written and rigid Constitution is not the work of a day or of a year. Whether in England such a polity when framed would

answer its purpose, is, moreover, a question not to be answered without most careful consideration. Meanwhile the referendum, which might be introduced with comparative ease, and, what is equally important, might be introduced as an experiment, supplies the very kind of safeguard which all true democrats feel to be required. It is an institution which admirably fits a system of popular government. It is the only check on the predominance of party which is at the same time democratic and conservative. It is democratic, for it appeals to and protects the sovereignty of the people; it is conservative, for it balances the weight of the nation's common sense or inertia against the violence of partisanship and the fanaticism of reformers. This check has one pre-eminent recommendation, not possessed by any of the artful, or ingenious, devices for strengthening the power of a second chamber, or placing a veto in the hands of a minority. Its application does not cause irritation. If the Lords reject a bill people demand the reform of the peerage; if the French Senate (a popularly elected body) hesitates to approve a revision of the Constitution, the next scheme of revision contains a clause for the abolition of the Senate. Popular pride is roused, voters are asked to make it a point of honor that a measure, which an aristocratic or select chamber has rejected, shall be carried. A bill's rejection turns into a reason for its passing into law. Should a regular appeal to the electors result in the rejection of a bill passed by Parliament, this childish irritation becomes an impossibility. The people cannot be angered at the act of the people.

Secondly, the referendum tends to sever legislation from politics.

That this separation is in itself desirable is a matter almost past dispute. It were hard to find, I will not say valid arguments, but even plausible fallacies, in favor of the position that the passing of an important law should depend upon circumstances which have no necessary connection with the nature or the terms of the enactment. It cannot, to take an example from recent Swiss legislation, be reasonable that a law, restoring the penalty of capital punishment for murder, should be passed, or rejected, because of the popularity or the unpopularity of the politicians by whom the measure is proposed. The referendum is a distinct recognition of the elementary but important principle that in matters of legislation

patriotic citizens ought to distinguish between measures and men. This distinction the Swiss voters have shown themselves fully capable of drawing. They have, as already pointed out, rejected legislative propositions made to them by leaders of whose policy on the whole they approved. Whoever studies with care Adams's account of the referendum will think it doubtful whether, on the whole, the Swiss people have not shown a good deal of sound sense in the use of their legislative veto. Let it be granted, however, what is more than possible, that the electors have in some cases exhibited less enlightenment than their representatives. Still it is difficult to exaggerate the immense benefit which in the long run accrues to a people from the habit of treating legislation as a matter to be determined not by the instincts of political partisanship, but by the weight of argument. The referendum is, or may be, an education in the application of men's understandings to the weightiest of political concerns — namely, the passing of laws — such as is absolutely unobtainable by voters, who have been trained to think that their whole duty as citizens consists in supporting the Conservative or the Radical party, and in their blind acceptance of every proposed enactment which happens to form part of the party platform.

The referendum, however, it is sometimes suggested, will, if introduced into England, be at best but a useless innovation. English politics, it is argued, are already subject to the predominant influence of party. Voters will always adhere to their party programme, and the men who, at a general election, will give a Tory, or a Liberal, vote, would, on a referendum, unhesitatingly support any law carried through Parliament by Lord Salisbury or by Mr. Gladstone.

This reasoning undoubtedly contains an element of truth. The party system would for a long time, at any rate, often vitiate the working of the referendum. But there is not the least reason to suppose that the result of an appeal to the electors of the United Kingdom on the question whether they would pass, or reject, a particular law, would always have the same result as an appeal to the constituencies, at a general election, or the question whether they would send up to Parliament a Conservative or a Liberal majority.

The differences between the two appeals are most important. The electors voting for members in different constitu-

encies are a very different body from the electors voting *en masse* throughout the United Kingdom. The persons, in the second place, who vote at an election, and who would vote on a referendum, need not necessarily, and indeed would not probably, be exactly the same. There exist, it may well be supposed, large bodies of electors who, while taking little part in current politics, especially in places where they happen to be in a minority, would record their votes with regard to a given law of which they knew the importance, and which was the subject of their strong and deliberate approval or condemnation. The question lastly submitted for decision at an election is of a totally different kind from the question submitted for decision on a referendum. It is one thing to be asked which of two men, for neither of whom you have any liking, shall represent you, or misrepresent you, in Parliament, and another to be asked whether you approve of a law, say for disestablishing the Church of England, or for repealing the Act of Union with Ireland. There is at least nothing absurd or irrational in the anticipation that citizens who did not care to answer the first inquiry at all might answer the second with a peremptoriness and unanimity surprising to politicians. No phenomenon is more curious than the divergence which, in all countries enjoying representative institutions, is apt to exist between Parliamentary opinion and popular convictions. Even as things now are, careful observers conjecture that measures, which it were hardly possible even to propose in Parliament, might not displease the electors, whilst proposals which command strong Parliamentary support might not stand the ordeal of a popular vote. Small would be the support which Parliament would give to one of the most salutary reforms conceivable—the reduction of the number of seats to be filled both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. Yet there is no reason for asserting that the people of the United Kingdom would object to a change which reduced the houses of Parliament to something like the size of the houses of Congress. Every year the likelihood increases that Parliament will grant the electoral franchise to women. Yet even those who, in common with the present writer, look with no disfavor on this reform, may gravely doubt whether it would, on a referendum, command the approval of the electorate. There always have been, and there are, questions which interest politicians, but hardly interest the peo-

ple. No historian would pledge himself to the assertion that, between 1832 and 1865, the electors cared deeply for the reform of Parliament. Yet during that period statesmen promised, or produced, more than one Reform Bill. We all know that the so-called religious question has in the hands of politicians impeded efforts to establish or extend popular education. Yet well-informed persons will sometimes assert that ordinary parents look with great indifference on a controversy which excites bitter contention among the members, of all parties, by whom these parents are represented. From whichever side the matter be looked at, the conclusion becomes more than probable that the results of a referendum would, occasionally at least, be utterly different from the results of a general election, and that the electors, when consulted on the advisability of passing a definite law, might break through the bonds of party allegiance to follow the dictates of their own prejudices or common sense.

The popular veto on constitutional changes which freed electors from bondage to the party system might also promote the straightforwardness of English statesmanship. As things at present stand, the position of a statesman, forced to surrender a policy which he feels does not approve itself to the nation, is full of awkwardness. We all admit that a political leader must, sooner or later, shape his course of action in conformity with the will of the country. No one blames Peel for his loyal acceptance of the Reform Act; no one now thinks the worse of Lord Derby for having in 1852 acquiesced in the national resolve to maintain free trade. Unfortunately, legitimate changes of conduct are apt under our present system to bear the appearance of dubious changes in opinion. It may often be a doubtful matter whether on a particular subject the country has, or has not, pronounced a final verdict. As the tenure of office is, or may be, immediately connected with a minister's success in carrying a given bill through Parliament, there is great difficulty in his renouncing legislation proposed by himself, when he finds the country will not support his bill, without his at least incurring the charge of undue tenacity in clinging to office. The reference of a particular law, say a Parliamentary Reform Bill, to the people for approval or rejection, would greatly increase the freedom, and improve the moral position of the minister who advocated the measure. If the bill were accepted, things would stand exactly as

they do now when a bill finally passes into an act. If it were rejected, the minister could, like a member of the Swiss Council, accept the rejection as a final expression of the nation's will. It would soon be felt that he might with perfect honesty pursue the course which would now be taken by a member of the Swiss Council. He need not pretend that his opinion is altered; he might say openly that he still, as a matter of opinion, thought his Reform Bill wise and politic. But he might also say that it was a matter on which the nation was the final judge, and that he accepted the nation's decision. In all this there would be no pretence at conversion; there would simply be a pledge as to conduct. The minister might, if still supported by Parliament, continue to administer the affairs of the country as honorably as Peel held office after the passing of the Reform Act, or as a servant of the crown in the days of Elizabeth remained in the service of the queen even though her Majesty had, on some high matter of state, rejected his advice.

The modification in the doctrine of ministerial responsibility which would, certainly, sooner or later, be caused by the introduction of the referendum, must, to all devotees of the system of government by party, seem a fatal objection to the suggested innovation. Of speculations which have some family similarity to the ideas propounded in this article, my friend, Mr. Morley (whose zeal for party takes me by surprise) warns us that they "must be viewed with lively suspicion by everybody who believes that party is an essential element in the wholesome working of Parliamentary government." To this suspicion all, who call attention to the merits of the referendum, are, it is to be feared, obnoxious. The plain truth must be stated. The party system, whatever its advantages, and they are not insignificant, is opposed to the sovereignty of the people, which is the fundamental dogma of modern democracy. That system throws the control of legislation first into the hands of a party, and then into the hands of the most active or the most numerous section of that party. But the part of a party may be, and probably is, a mere fraction of the nation. The principle of the referendum, on the other hand, is to place, at any rate as regards important legislation, parties, factions, and sections under the control of the national majority. The creation of a popular veto is open, it must be frankly admitted, to grave objections. The consideration, however, which,

more than any other, may commend it to the favorable attention of thoughtful men, is its tendency to revive, in democratic societies, the idea which the influence of partisanship threatens with death, that allegiance to party must in the minds of good citizens yield to the claims of loyalty to the nation.

Let none of my readers suppose that my object in writing this article is directly, or decisively, to recommend the adoption in England of the Swiss referendum. My object is simply to show that there is much more to be said for, no less than against, the popular veto than English thinkers are generally ready to admit. The time approaches when we may import from the United States the "Constitutional Convention," which in the domain of politics is by far the most valuable result of American inventiveness. The time has come when we ought all to consider the possible expediency of introducing into England that appeal to the people which is by far the most original creation of Swiss democracy.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARCHDALE IS INCONSIDERATE.

MARCIA had been determined to get her own way, but she had not expected to get it with quite so much ease and despatch, and when she sat down alone to think over her new position and prospects, her heart failed her a little. She had no feeling of compunction as regarded her husband, nor any doubt as to the wisdom—at all events, the necessity—of the step which had been taken; yet it was a prodigious step, entailing all sorts of uncertain consequences, so that her sensations were somewhat akin to those of an explorer who, after long marches, finds himself at last upon the shore towards which he has been toiling, and sees before him the broad ocean stretching away as far as his eye can reach. In what kind of craft was she about to commit herself to the perils and chances of the deep? One thing was obvious, that it would require careful and skilful handling. Henceforth strangers would fight shy of her; old acquaintances would happen to be looking

at something interesting in the opposite direction when she approached; wherever she went she would be known as a woman who had been unfortunate in her domestic relations, which is almost as heavy a weight to carry as that of poverty, and a heavier one than that of personal uncomeliness.

Well, at any rate, she did not labor under either of the latter disadvantages, for she had £1,500 a year of her own, and her mirror still reflected the image of a young and beautiful woman. It reflected also the image of one who was sad and perplexed, and perhaps a trifle shamefaced. Why was she leaving her husband? Because he was hard and cold, because he did not care for her, and because he had insulted her by unworthy suspicions? Marcia was not much in the habit of asking herself direct questions, or of returning straightforward answers when she did so, but now, for some reason or other, she put herself in the witness-box, and could not, or did not, blink the truth. Eustace might have treated her badly, and indeed she thought that he had; but she had borne with him for many years, and could have gone on bearing with him to the end of the chapter if she had not lost her heart to another man. It was her love for Archdale that had rendered a rupture inevitable, and in this moment of candid introspection she acknowledged it. She resolved, however, that Archdale himself should never know this. It was absolutely necessary that she should break with him. Even if he had been no more to her than the friend that he ostensibly was, it would have been impossible for her, under the changed conditions of her life, to continue upon terms of friendship with him and avoid giving grounds for those scandalous rumors of which it must henceforth be her chief endeavor to steer clear. Cost her what it might, she must say farewell to him and to all that for some time past had made the world bright to her. As her plans for the future became more matured, she began to see how this might most easily be done. That evening she told Mr. Brett, who listened to her with frigid courtesy, that she did not contemplate setting up an establishment immediately in London or elsewhere.

"It will be less disagreeable for both of us," she said, "if I do things by degrees, and leave England for the present. People will soon forget us and stop talking about us. I thought of going to Italy for the rest of the winter, and perhaps spending next summer in Switzerland."

"I dare say that would be a good plan," Mr. Brett replied.

"My being abroad would not prevent Willie's coming to me for half of his holidays, would it? Of course I would gladly pay his travelling expenses."

"Thank you; but if you will refer to the paper which I drew up for your guidance, you will see that I have preferred to undertake charges which, according to my view, belong more properly to me than to you. I can only relinquish control over my son to the extent agreed upon between us; that is, that, so far as is found practicable, he shall be as much with you as with me. As regards the Easter holidays, it would, perhaps, be scarcely worth while for him to travel so far as to Italy. I would therefore suggest that he should pass that vacation either in London or with his uncle and aunt, who have kindly intimated their readiness to receive him, and that, as a set-off, he should be left to you for the whole of the summer holidays. The bargain is, I think, not an unfair one; but I merely put it forward for your approval. In this, as in all other particulars, you may rely upon my adhering to the strict letter of our agreement."

Marcia closed with the offer unhesitatingly. To have her boy with her for six clear weeks in the summer would be a great deal better than to catch a mere ten days' glimpse of him in April; besides, she had a disinclination to face Willie just at first; she wanted him and everybody to grow accustomed to the new order of things, and to accept it as a matter of course. In her weekly letter to him she only said that she was going abroad for a long time and could not be at home for Easter, but that it had been arranged that he should join her in Switzerland in July, "and then we will have a really good time together. I have got a little calendar, and I shall begin marking off the days at once. I haven't had the heart to count them, only I see that they fill six columns. But never mind; the longer we have to wait the happier we shall be when all these weary weeks have been swept away into the past and are done with."

When Marcia had finished this letter she had a rather more difficult one to write; but that also she accomplished, after wasting a good many sheets of paper over it.

"DEAR MR. ARCHDALE, —

"I think I may venture to assume that you will be interested in hearing about something which is of very serious inter-

est and importance to me; but, in any case, I should have been obliged to write to you for reasons which I will explain presently. It will not be a surprise to you to be told that my husband and I have decided to live apart for the future. We could not have gone on much longer as we have been doing lately; and although there is a great deal to be said against separations, there is still more to be said against chaining together two people who cannot speak to one another without disagreeing. Of course there has been a special cause which has brought matters to a climax in our case, and what that is you can easily guess. I would not allude to it if I did not feel that we are good friends enough to dispense with affectation, and if I did not think that I ought to give you a reason for the request which I am compelled to make. It is that you will not attempt to see me or speak to me again. I hope and believe that you will not misunderstand my motives. I shall probably miss you a great deal more and for a much longer time than you will miss me; but, after all that has passed, I could not dare to give my sister-in-law and others an excuse for saying horrid things about you and me; so the best plan is to break off our friendship altogether. I am very sorry that it must be so.

"In a few days I shall start for Italy, and I think I shall most likely remain abroad for at least a year. Hoping that you will not quite forget me and thanking you for all your kindness and sympathy with me in my troubles,

"I am,

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARCIA BRETT."

On reading over this composition, Marcia was by no means pleased with it; but, as many other writers have to do in the case of their compositions, she made the best of it, because, unsatisfactory though it was, she did not see how it could be improved upon. For some reasons she could have wished it to be warmer, for others she would have preferred it to be colder; unquestionably it might have been better expressed. She supposed, however, that it would serve its purpose. What that purpose was may not have been absolutely clear to her mind; but if she knew anything of Archdale, she must surely have known that he would not submit to be banished from her presence forever without a struggle.

And in fact the very next post brought her a positive assurance to that effect.

Archdale's letter was brief, but eloquent, and although there was not a word of love in it, it breathed of nothing else. He did not protest very much against her declaration that their friendship must cease; he seemed to look upon the idea as one so impossible of execution as to be hardly worth discussing. What he evidently dreaded was that she would hurry away from England without according him a farewell interview, and it was in appealing to her not to be guilty of such inhumanity that his most impassioned phrases were employed. He wound up by begging her to appoint some time and place of meeting.

Now, this was not a very easy request to refuse; but perhaps refusal was rendered a shade more easy to Marcia by the writer's thinly veiled anticipation that it would be granted. Although she could forgive Archdale anything, she was not desirous of letting him know how completely he had obtained the mastery over her heart, and she scarcely dared even to write to him again, lest she should betray what it was so essential to conceal. Yet, feeling that absolute silence would be almost too cruel, she bethought her of a middle course, and despatched the following telegram: "Sorry I cannot do as you wish." That, surely, was curt enough and cold enough, without being downright brutal. He would understand now that any further attempt to break down her resolution would be useless; perhaps he would also understand what it had cost her to adhere to that resolution. Having thus burnt her ships, Marcia locked herself into her bedroom and cried for an hour.

Archdale was not a man of much strength of mind or perseverance; but for that very reason opposition to his wishes always aroused such determination as he possessed, and this unlooked-for obstinacy on Marcia's part had the effect of making him inwardly register a vow that he would see her before she left London, even though he should have to resort to the extreme measure of ringing her husband's door-bell for that purpose. But no such act of audacity proved to be required. It was growing dusk on the following evening when Marcia, who had been shopping and paying bills, was intercepted, as she alighted from her brougham in Cornwall Terrace, by a gentleman, who raised his hat and said, "May I speak to you for one moment, Mrs. Brett?"

"I cannot ask you to come in," she answered hurriedly. "I told you — I thought you would have understood —"

"Oh, I understood," answered Archdale; "but I did not acquiesce—how could I? I have been loitering up and down here for the best part of two hours upon the chance of seeing you," he added, "and I don't think you can be so cruel as to refuse me five minutes of your time. It isn't a great deal to ask."

The hall door had been opened, and the light streamed out upon the pavement and upon Marcia's irresolute face. She made a quick movement up the steps, spoke a few words to the butler, who closed the door, and then returned to Archdale's side.

"I don't think this is very kind or very considerate of you," she said. "The servants are in a great state of excitement and curiosity, and they will draw their own conclusions from what they have seen. Servants' gossip is of no consequence to you; but it may be of great consequence to me."

"I can't help it," Archdale answered. "You wouldn't tell me of any place where I might meet you without exciting observation, and I don't see how you can have imagined that I should quietly consent to lose sight of you forever."

Marcia remained silent. She could not help being glad that he had disobeyed her; yet she had nothing to say to him. What was there to be said, except good-bye? But he had a great deal more than that to say to her; and as they crossed the road and walked slowly along the footpath outside the railings of Regent's Park, he said it with an earnestness and impetuosity which she had never known him display before. He could not, he declared, afford to make use of equivocal phrases; it was better to confess in plain words what he was sure that she must already know. He loved her, and he would love her as long as his life lasted. Of course this was an insult, if she chose to regard it as such. On the other hand, it was true, and it was also true that his love for her would never lead him into any act which could properly be called insulting. He fully recognized the delicacy of her present situation, and she might rest assured that he loved her too much to increase its embarrassments voluntarily in any way; but the self-abnegation which she demanded of him was more than flesh and blood could bear. Moreover, it was needless. The only boon that he craved was that of being permitted to meet her from time to time upon a footing of ordinary friendship. What harm could possibly come to her from that small concession?

"You yourself have answered the question," returned Marcia. "You say you do not wish to embarrass me, but your presence cannot be anything else than an embarrassment to me now; and of course what you have just said makes things ten times worse."

"I don't see why. What I have just said was for your private hearing, and will go no further. As for the gossips, wouldn't they think that your suddenly dropping me was a more suspicious circumstance than the continuance of a friendly intimacy which they have all noticed?" He went on, with greater animation, "For God's sake, don't drive me to despair! I have little enough to live for; but something I *must* have! And that little you can so easily give me! It is only to speak a few kind words to me when we meet—which I suppose will not be often. I was obliged, just for this once, to tell you that I love you; but I will not offend in that way again. If I ever do, you can turn your back upon me, and you will be right, and I shall have nothing to complain of; but I don't think you need grudge me what you would grant without a second thought to the first stranger who might happen to be introduced to you."

Marcia considered for a while. "It all comes to much the same thing," she observed at length. "I did not mean you to understand that I should cut you dead if we met; only I think our meetings should be very few and far between. They are tolerably sure to be that, because, as I told you, I am going to Italy at once, and, as far as I can see, I am more likely to live abroad than in England for some time to come."

"Well," said Archdale, who had sense enough to perceive that, having now inserted the thin end of the wedge, he had gained all that could as yet be hoped for, "I must accept the crumb of comfort which you are willing to give me and be thankful for it. Only I wish I had some idea of when and where our next meeting will take place. Have you decided upon any particular town in Italy as a residence?"

"No; I thought of Florence, but not as a residence. Everything is uncertain, and I could not tell you what my movements will be even if I wished you to know them. But I don't wish you to know them. What I wish—and I dare say it will not be very long before I get my wish—is that you should put me out of your mind and meet somebody else whom you can care for and—and marry."

"Ah!" exclaimed Archdale, "I don't think you are quite sincere when you say that."

She was conscious of some insincerity; but she felt his lack of generosity in charging her with it. "I mean what I say," she declared, "and I should be very much ashamed of myself if I meant anything else. I must go now. Good-bye, Mr. Archdale."

He took her hand and seemed disposed to retain it; but, withdrawing it hastily from his grasp, she almost ran across the road to her own door. Presently this was opened and she disappeared, without so much as throwing one backward glance at the man whom she loved. She had behaved, perhaps, as well as it was possible for her to behave; but she certainly had not contrived to keep her secret. To an experienced man like Archdale she might almost as well have said in so many words, "I dare not be your friend any more, because I love you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SWISS HOLIDAY.

AN argument which has always been held to be a strong one in favor of some future state of existence is the difficulty of believing that the experience which we all buy upon such hard terms in this world can be destined to lead to nothing; yet sceptics might urge that our experience, even as regards the affairs of this present life, is but an evanescent thing, that we very seldom utilize it for the benefit of others, and that nine-tenths of us, by the time that we have reached middle age, have clean forgotten what we were as children. But the few whose memory of childhood has remained really distinct ought to be aware that the senses of the young are far keener than those of their elders, and that among the daily absurdities which we commit none is greater than that of imagining that children neither see nor hear things of which it might be desirable that they should be kept in ignorance. Willie Brett's intelligence was in some respects above the average; but a duller boy than he would have guessed the meaning of his mother's abrupt departure, and when he reached home at Easter he was fully prepared for a communication which Mr. Brett had been at some pains to think out and put into unexceptionable language.

In justice to poor Mr. Brett it must be admitted that if he did not acquit himself of his painful duty with marked felicity,

he did so in a thoroughly magnanimous and conscientious spirit. He said, —

"When you are older, Willie, you will be able to form your own opinion as to the causes which have led to this unhappy separation between your mother and myself. That opinion I shall not, either now or at any future time, endeavor to influence; but it is necessary that I should inform you of the facts, and point out to you a few of the more immediate consequences as regards yourself. To begin with, I must tell you that I have decided to leave this house, which is too large and expensive a one for my present requirements, and that I have already found a tenant for the remainder of my lease. As I must at once begin moving my furniture to our new home in Keppel Street, Russell Square, I think that you would enjoy your holidays more if you were to spend them at Blaydon with your uncle George, who has kindly sent me an invitation for you; but should you prefer to remain with me while the process of removal is going on, you will be at liberty to do so."

The rest of the harangue, which bore reference to the future disposition of Willie's spare time and to other matters of detail, was couched in terms of similar formality; and it is scarcely necessary to add that long before the speaker arrived at his peroration he had been judged and condemned. The boy did not say much; but he showed on which side his sympathies had been enlisted by declaring without any hesitation that he would like to spend his holidays with his uncle and aunt. Sharp though he was, he was not sharp enough to discover that this choice inflicted a keen pang of disappointment upon his father, who replied coldly, —

"I had no doubt that that would be your wish. I will send a telegram to your uncle immediately, and you can leave after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Now, if there were two people in the world whom Willie disliked — but perhaps he did not really dislike them, for his heart was full of kindness and leniency towards humanity at large, as the hearts of some boys and even of a few men are — those exceptional persons were Sir George and Lady Brett. He had before this visited Blaydon Hall, their country place near Tunbridge Wells, and he knew what amount of enjoyment he might expect in that gloomy, imposing residence. It was a house in which punctuality was enforced to the point of a moral torture, a house where everything was always in its proper place, where the servants habitually

walked on tiptoe, where there were no children and no dogs, and where anybody who stepped hastily into the hall without wiping his boots was pretty sure to be told of the injury that he had done to the carpets. As for its master and mistress, one of them was a bully and the other was a hypocrite. If Willie did not mentally describe them in such uncompromising terms, that was not because he had failed to take their measure; so that by preferring their society to that of his father, he signified with no slight emphasis what his view of his father's conduct was.

However, the conduct of Sir George and Lady Brett was not much, if it was at all, better; and although they scrupulously refrained from saying a word to the boy against his erring mother, they refrained in so pointed a manner that they might quite as well have given utterance to their thoughts. For the rest, they endeavored to be kind, and were in truth as kind as their respective natures would allow them to be. Willie's pony was accommodated in the stables; he was allowed to ride at such hours as the coachman could find time to escort him; he was not much scolded, though he was a good deal lectured, and when his visit came to an end, he received a sovereign from his uncle, and a volume of sermons, specially designed for the use of the young, from his aunt. Nevertheless, he carried away the perfectly correct impression that these people were his father's friends and his mother's enemies, and he was glad enough to turn his back upon them. "I don't want to go to Blaydon again," he wrote to Marcia, who had now temporarily established herself at an hotel in Florence; "it is awfully slow there, and every day feels like Sunday. I didn't get on much with any of them except Benson, the butler. He told me to send you his duty."

With the intuitive delicacy of his years, Willie abstained from alluding in his weekly letters to the revelation which had been made to him by his father. He wished to know no more than his mother might see fit to tell him; and she did not see fit—possibly she was a little ashamed—to write upon a topic which afforded scope for many awkward questions. There were plenty of other subjects to write about—her life at Florence, her plans for the summer, Willie's increasing proficiency at cricket, the excellent reports from the head master which were periodically forwarded to her husband, and transmitted to her by him, without any accompanying comments. Gradually

there had grown up in her mind a detestation of her husband so intense that she hated even to mention his name—a detestation which may have been in some part due to consciousness that if he had been unfair to her, she had also been unfair to him. So weeks and months passed away; and Willie, who had his own affairs to attend to (and how much more engrossing the affairs of boyhood are than those of mature age!) was satisfied with the knowledge that his mother was well and was enjoying herself, and was looking forward to the happy day when they should once more be together.

The day, when it came, was certainly happy enough to fulfil all the expectations of both mother and son. It was at Geneva that Marcia, after wandering for some weary weeks among the Italian lakes, had the joy of once more holding her boy in her arms, and scrutinizing with pride the development which had taken place in his person during the period of their severance. He was not going to be strikingly handsome; but he was going to be tall and strong, and although the childish outline of his face had not altered, there was a certain undefinable air of manliness about him which was new. His clear eyes met hers with a look which is only to be seen in the eyes of those who have nothing to conceal. Perhaps that is why she lowered her own after the first embraces were over, and the first questions and answers exchanged. Not even to Willie could she tell quite everything.

However, she told him a good deal, as they sat together in the Jardin Anglais after dinner, on that still, hot evening, and listened to the distant, continuous roar of the rushing Rhone. A tacit understanding had at once sprung up between them that accomplished facts must be accepted and had better not be discussed; what she had to say to him referred to the acquaintances that she had made at Florence, to her recently formed project of acquiring a permanent home in that southern city, and to her hope that at some future time her home would also be his. "Because of course, when you are of age, you will be able to do as you please," she said.

Willie laughed and shook his head. "Well, I don't know so much about that," he answered. "But I suppose, whatever becomes of me, I shall sometimes have holidays, and I shall always spend them with you."

"We are going to have some holidays together now, at all events," observed Marcia, turning an anxious sigh into one of

contentment. "What place shall we make for first? I'll give you the map and the guide-book, and you shall choose. All places are the same to me, so long as I have you with me."

All places in Switzerland had, at any rate, the advantage of novelty for those unsophisticated tourists; so that the grandeur of Chamounix and Zermatt was not marred in their eyes by melancholy but inevitable comparisons between the past and the present. Switzerland, doubtless, is not what it once was; but in these days of cheap circular tickets, no corner of the earth where decent sleeping accommodation is to be found has escaped the inroads of the all-pervading *bourgeoisie*, and perhaps, after all, the benefits of the change outweigh its drawbacks. However that may be, happy people are seldom disposed to be critical, and neither Marcia nor Willie objected to dining at the *table-d'hôte* with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. The quaint remarks and sentiments which they were thus privileged to overhear, and which they never could have had a chance of hearing under any other conditions, were part and parcel of the enjoyment of this leisurely and delightful journey. A dozen men will give a dozen different definitions of happiness, and the happiness of most of us consists, of course, either in retrospect or in anticipation; but Marcia had now the rare satisfaction of knowing and declaring that she was happy in the present. Willie also was happy, although his request that he might be allowed to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn (a request which sounds oddly enough to the ears of the middle-aged, yet is no longer to be called preposterous) was not granted. Feats of a less ambitious kind he was permitted to undertake, and his mother, who was not very fond of walking up-hill, was content to while away the hot, cloudless days with a novel in the garden of the hotel while he scaled the neighboring heights under the efficient protection of two guides and a porter.

But one evening, when he returned, tired out and triumphant and brimming over with the record of his adventures, it chilled him a little to discover that she was not, as usual, alone. By her side, sitting astride upon a chair, over the back of which he had folded his arms, was the artist whom Willie well remembered and of whom he had not formed a favorable opinion. And his prejudice was not removed by the manner in which this gentleman was pleased to greet him.

"Hullo! how are you?" Mr. Archdale said, holding out his left hand. "You've been up some spitz or horn or other, I hear. Well, different people have different ideas of pleasure. Personally, I prefer to remain at a lower elevation and talk to Mrs. Brett; so we shall not interfere with one another, I trust."

Willie extended his little brown hand and smiled, and moving away at once, without replying, seated himself upon the ground beside his mother, who had a hundred questions to put to him. The stranger, finding that he was thus ignored, rose deliberately, yawned, and said: "I suppose we shall meet at the *table-d'hôte*, shall we not, Mrs. Brett?" He then sauntered towards the hotel, while Marcia, with some symptoms of embarrassment, which were not lost upon her son, explained, —

"Mr. Archdale arrived this afternoon with a friend of his. I was very much surprised to see him, because of course he did not know that we were at Zermatt, and our meeting was purely accidental."

"I don't like that fellow," said Willie, with a boy's uncompromising candor. "Was he at Florence last winter?"

Marcia raised her eyebrows in astonishment; for the query struck her as being a strange one, and she doubted its having been prompted by mere curiosity. "Yes," she replied; "he was there in February and March, and I used to see him sometimes. Why don't you like him, Willie? Did your Aunt Caroline say anything to you about him? If she did, I am sure it was no good, because he has snubbed her, and she hates him for it."

Willie shook his head. He had not heard Mr. Archdale's name mentioned by his aunt, nor could he give any abstract reason why Mr. Archdale should be disliked. Nevertheless, he did dislike the man, and wished that he would go away.

"Oh, well," said Marcia, laughing, "I dare say he will go away to-morrow, or next day, and if he doesn't, we can. I wish you liked him, because he is one of the few friends whom I have in the world; but he isn't indispensable. We can get on very well without him — you and I — can't we?"

Willie thought so and said so; but neither on the morrow nor on the day following did Mr. Archdale leave Zermatt, while Marcia seemed quite contented to remain where she was. What had happened was, in fact, what had been certain to happen. Archdale had appeared at Florence in pursuance of a plan which he had announced long before Mrs. Brett had de-

cided to leave her husband; he had called upon Marcia; he had been repulsed, at first somewhat vehemently, afterwards with more gentleness; eventually she had found herself unable to forego the pleasure of occasional meetings with him; and so by degrees their intimacy, which was an innocent one enough so far as words went, had been completely re-established. She had told him that she proposed to spend the summer in Switzerland, but she had not told him that she would be in any given part of Switzerland at any given time, nor had he mentioned his intention to visit that country at all. Consequently her conscience was as clear as the noonday, and when he and his friend Mr. Drake suddenly turned up at Zermatt she was a great deal more astonished to see them than they were to see her.

"Thank heaven," Mr. Drake observed to his travelling companion, "we have run the woman to earth at last! Now, I trust, one will be allowed to rest for a day or two and get one's things washed. As you are paying all expenses, I suppose I have no right to complain; but I will go so far as to say that this desperate rushing about from pillar to post was rather more than I bargained for. Even as it is, my prospects don't look altogether rosy. Of course I shall have to entertain the small boy, and the worst of it is that I ain't much of a hand at entertaining small boys. I never know what the deuce to say to 'em!"

In that respect Mr. Drake was scarcely peculiar; but if he did not know what to say to Willie, Willie knew very well what to say to him; for in truth he was a good-humored, unprincipled, amiable sort of creature, with whom most people could manage to get on. And the boy was quite clever enough to elicit some significant information from him. It appeared that Archdale had tried Bâle, Lucerne, Berne, and Lausanne before hitting off Mrs. Brett's track at Geneva; it further transpired that he had pursued her to Chamounix, and from thence to Zermatt, at a rate of speed which had been found very trying by a middle-aged man. "So I really do hope," Mr. Drake observed in conclusion, "that your mother likes this place. I can't say that I particularly fancy it myself; still I would rather stay where I am and rest for a bit than scramble over interminable passes under a blazing sun upon the back of an ungroomed mule."

"You might walk," suggested Willie.

"Oh, yes, I might walk; and I might drop down dead of an apoplectic stroke. Why on earth can't people agree to meet

in some decent level country like Holland? It isn't as if they wanted to admire the scenery."

These and other observations of a similar kind made Willie pensive. From Zermatt his mother, escorted by her two friends, proceeded over the Monte Moro to Macugnaga, whither he was permitted to make his way by the more adventurous passage of the Weiss Thor; then the whole party moved down to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, which was a relief to Mr. Drake, who remarked that boating was at least some improvement upon mountaineering. But what was noticeable and disquieting was that not a word was said about the possible departure of these gentlemen. It seemed to be taken for granted that Mrs. Brett's route was their route, and that if they had left England with any fixed intentions, these had been carried out when they encountered her.

It was seldom that Willie could now contrive to secure five minutes of uninterrupted conversation with his mother; but one evening after dinner he proposed to take her out upon the lake. "Just our two selves," he pleaded. "I've found a jolly little boat that won't hold more than a couple comfortably, and we can slip away while those fellows are smoking their cigars."

Marcia laughed and consented. A few minutes later she was seated in the stern of a somewhat dangerously light craft, and Willie, with vigorous strokes, was pulling away from the shore, upon which the gesticulating forms of Archdale and Drake could be descried.

"They may wave their arms till they're black in the face," said the boy gleefully. "We aren't going to turn back for them now. I wish we could go straight on to some other place and telegraph for our luggage, without letting them know our address!"

Marcia sighed. She was drawing her fingers through the water in accordance with what seems to be the instinctive habit of her sex — and a very disagreeable and unsafe habit it is. "I'm afraid there is no use in trying to make you like Mr. Archdale," she said. "He has been very kind to me, though, and I should be sorry to be rude to him. Most likely he will leave us of his own accord in a few days."

Willie made a sceptical grimace. However, he suspected that his mother's sentiments with regard to Mr. Archdale were as unalterable as his own, and he did not care to waste time in discussing that gentleman's good or bad qualities. There

was not, in truth, much time to be wasted. Of this he became aware somewhat sooner than his mother, whose back was turned towards the quarter whence black thunder-clouds were rolling up, and this, perhaps, had been the meaning of the excited beckonings of Archdale and Drake. Marcia, unconscious of approaching peril, was saying: "How well you row, Willie! You will have to be a wet-bob at Eton," when a sudden gust of wind swept past her, ruffling the calm surface of the lake, and immediately the sky became darkened. She started and glanced over her shoulder. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed; "there is a frightful storm coming. Let us get back at once."

"We should be caught before we had done half the distance," answered Willie; "but it's all right. We'll shelter under the lee of one of these islands until it's over."

They were close to the Isola Madre, for the further shore of which he now made. Marcia and he were upon dry land, and had hauled their boat up the beach and ensconced themselves beneath the thick shade of an orange grove before the first drops of the impending downpour fell. Then for about a quarter of an hour they were privileged to behold a scene which they rather enjoyed. The thunder was almost continuous; the lake was lashed into an expanse of seething foam by the wind and the rain; the trees above them swayed and groaned; the jagged edges of the distant mountains were lit up by flashes of brilliant lightning, which made the succeeding darkness more intense; and they congratulated themselves, as people who have narrowly escaped death often do, with a certain sense of having performed a decidedly clever feat. Of course they got a ducking, but they did not much mind that; it would be a simple enough matter to change their clothes as soon as they returned to the hotel.

But when the storm had whirled away to the southwards, and the stars were shining in a clear sky, and these rash voyagers had safely traversed the space of still-heaving water which separated them from the mainland, they met with a reception which, to one of them at all events, was eminently offensive.

"You have given us a fine fright!" exclaimed Archdale, as he helped Marcia to get out of the boat. "I suppose you landed on one of the islands, didn't you? These ruffians here swore that that was what you had done; but neither they nor we could see what had become of you,

and nothing would induce them to let us have a boat. Of course, we knew that that wretched little cockleshell of yours couldn't live for two minutes if the squall caught you."

His cheeks were pale, his hand trembled, and his voice vibrated with an emotion in which the element of anger was obviously present. Some people cannot be frightened without getting angry about it, and that Archdale belonged to that species was shown by his next words, which were addressed to Willie.

"It's no thanks to you that your mother wasn't drowned," he said sharply. "Why didn't you come back when I called you? You must have heard me plainly enough."

"Willie and I seem destined to get into a row when we go out boating together," struck in Marcia, before the boy could make any reply. "Do you remember our sailing expedition last year, Willie, and how cross your father was because we kept him waiting for dinner?"

Willie nodded. He remembered the incident, and it struck him that his father had had a right to be cross, whereas Mr. Archdale had none whatsoever. But he held his peace, because he saw that his mother was afraid of his retorting upon her friend after some unpardonable fashion—which thing he was, in truth, sorely tempted to do. Only when she came into his bedroom an hour or so later to say good-night to him, he felt entitled to charge Mr. Archdale with "beastly cheek," and she did not dispute the justice of the charge.

"He had no business to scold us," she admitted; "but he had been very anxious, you see, and I suppose he didn't quite know what he was saying."

"Oh, bother his anxiety!" returned Willie, who was much incensed; "we can take care of ourselves without him, and we don't want him to be anxious about us. I wish you would tell him so!"

Marcia could not quite see her way to committing such a breach of good manners; but there was something in the mutual dislike of the two persons whom she loved best in the world which was not displeasing to her, and her inclination at the moment was to show favor to her son rather than to her admirer. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Willie," said she; "if you want to shake off Mr. Archdale, we'll give him the slip. There will be a steamer for Locarno to-morrow morning at a quarter to six—long before he will be awake. I'll pack up to-night, and we'll get back into Switzerland by the St. Gothard Rail-

way. Even if he finds out where we have gone, he won't like to follow us after such a broad hint as that."

Willie was of opinion that it would be a simpler plan to inform Mr. Archdale in so many words that his company was no longer desired; but, as his mother declared that she would never dare to be so uncivil as that, he assented to her less dignified project of evasion.

Thus it came to pass that a very crest-fallen Englishman sat down to breakfast at Baveno the next morning in company with an unsympathizing friend, who could scarcely eat for laughing.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE LAST OF THE CALVERTS.

I REMEMBER hearing at first hand a characteristic story of the famous Mrs. Fletcher of Lancrigg, whose beautiful face the readers of her autobiography will remember as immortalized at the age of eighty by the elder Richmond.

She had been very ill, but was recovering, when she heard that Mazzini was in London; and against the counsel of her friends, who feared the journey and the excitement for her, she determined to go up to London and to be present at a public breakfast given in his honor. "But you have no bonnet; you cannot appear in that hood!" they urged. "I will have a bonnet for the occasion," was her rejoinder; and straightway word was despatched to a milliner in London to have a bonnet, "suitable for an old lady of eighty," made and forwarded to Euston Station to meet her on arrival by the night train. The bonnet was made and despatched, and the brave old lady, whose heart never grew old, travelled up to town to find her bonnet in waiting. "And," said Mrs. Fletcher, "what do you think, my dear, I found when I opened the bonnet-box; a bright yellow satin bonnet with a yellow lancer's plume in it! I was determined not to miss Mazzini, so I put it on, never looked in the glass, went to the breakfast, and forgot all about my bonnet for the time being; but after breakfast I drove straight to the milliner's and said, 'I dare say a little angrily, 'How could you send me such a thing as this? I asked for a bonnet for an old lady of eighty!' 'Madam,' replied the milliner, 'we have no old ladies of eighty in London.'"

The moral of the story is plainly this, that it is not in the rush and crush of town

that such a beautiful old age as Mrs. Fletcher's was can be found, but in the quiet of just such a house as she made for herself at our English lakes.

It is thanks to the same beneficent quietude of hill and vale, that until a few weeks ago there were still living in the Keswick and Ambleside valleys two ladies whose lives linked us to the days of the historic Lake school of poets and philosophers.

Black February of 1890 will be remembered by many as the month that broke those links. Those who cared to speak face to face with hearts that had known and honored the family circles at Greta Hall and Rydal Mount henceforth are debarred the privilege.

Mrs. Joshua Stanger, of Fieldside, Keswick, and Mrs. Harrison, of Green Bank, or Scale How, Ambleside, were the last of their generation.

And if the former, in actual mental activity and intellectual sympathy with the Lake poets of old, was the more remarkable, there were in both of them, to the end, wonderful vitality, clear memory, and that kind of genial response to the sympathies for the times that are gone, that made them in their several ways most interesting repositories of a memorable past. They each of them felt that to them, as the last survivors in the locality who had been admitted to the arcana of the Greta Hall and Rydal Mount history, a younger generation might naturally turn for reminiscences, and they neither of them allowed those recollections to grow dim.

They had been schoolfellows in the olden times together, and whether under Miss Fletcher or Miss Dowling, of Bellevue, the little Mary Calvert and the elder Dorothy Wordsworth had learnt lessons of geniality and benevolence I know not, but this I know, that for the past half century and more the towns of Keswick and Ambleside have felt that no public work could go forward for the good of the people that did not at once commend itself to these ladies and obtain their aid; while in them the deserving poor knew ever would be found a very present help in time of trouble.

It was a day of exceptional beauty, when Mrs. Stanger lay breathing painlessly to sleep in that beautiful home, high-lifted above her native valley, to which she had entered in the year that her old friend, Robert Southey, died.

Helvellyn was absolutely snowless and shadowless, one long ridge of tawny yellow and sunshine; the Lonscale Fell was clad

in purple puce of heather waking into life; the larches on Latrigg — her father's Latrigg — were visibly turning into the amber glow that heralds the spring; snowdrops and crocuses and aconite were bright upon the terrace beds; tits and finches were busy in the garden grounds; rooks cawed from the sycamores; a thrush sang loud, and down below in its wooded gorge the Greta sounded cheerily towards "the Forge." But Mrs. Stanger lay dying.

And from the "Druid Circle" above her house, as far as one could see, whether one looked southward by the Vale of St. John's, or north and west by wild Blencathra's steepes and the spring of Thorold the Dane, or gazed out west over the wide expanse of the Keswick Valley, one felt that not "glad" but "sad" "were the vales and every cottage hearth" — with a sadness no light on laughing Derwentwater could disavow, no happy cockcrow in the distant farms or busy murmur of the little town below could charm away. The friend of the poor was passing from the earth.

Just now we spoke of the Greta sounding towards "the Forge." That forge, until the "Roundhead" cavaliers laid it in ashes, was one of the principal "blomeries" or smelting furnaces for copper ore in the Keswick Vale.

And we are not a little indebted to its existence. Had there been no forge set up there in the mining times of great Elizabeth, we should have had no family of Calverts to bless the vale; no little Mary Calvert whose memory we think of fondly as we write.

For in 1565, on the application of Thomas Thurland, and one Daniel Hechstetter, a German, the queen granted a warrant by which three hundred Almain or German miners should be brought over into Cumberland to work the mines in the Lake district. The analysts of that date were not over skilful; they assured the queen that the black mica schist Frobisher brought from the Arctic regions was rich in gold, and here in the Keswick Vale they were probably not much more correct in asserting that there was more gold and silver than copper and lead in the stuff that was smelted at "the Forge." They did assert it, with the result that the queen claimed the mines in the valley as hers, against the Earl of Northumberland, and won her suit; and we still speak of the Goldscope mine of Newlands, though precious little gold has ever been scooped therefrom. This by the way. Meanwhile, the much ill treated and little welcomed

colony* of German and Dutch miners, Hechstetters, Pughbargers, Clockers, Mosers, Tiffiers, Beyrnarparkers, Sanningers, Hedglers, Norspalmers, Torvers, Sino-gles, Cayruses, and the rest, settled down by the river Greta and hewed away the Hammer Hole above "the Forge" for the mill-race, and occupied the banks for a smelting station (perhaps pre-occupied by the Romans and Vikings aforetime) — right away from "the Forge" to the present Calvert Bridge.

Amongst "the rest" spoken of above came Stangers, Ritselers, and Calverts. The former German certainly; I have doubts about the nationality of the latter, for at Whitby and elsewhere in Yorkshire the name appears unassociated with German mining operations.

The old Crosthwaite registers of 1567 and onwards show us that these Ritselers became Rystlers, Raysells, Raysings, Raisleys, in a very swift change. The Cumbrian could not in parlance cope with "Ritseler," and could easily pronounce the word "Raisley."

At the end of last century we find that Mr. William Calvert, a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, is resident at the old farmhouse beneath Latrigg, on the banks of the Greta, Windybrow — Greta Bank of to-day. He had held the post of ensign in the Duke of Norfolk's regiment, a military regiment, in which the duke threw up his commission because the government called attention to certain toasts at a military dinner. It is possible that Calvert after that laid his sword and epaulettes aside and devoted himself heart and soul to agriculture. At any rate, he is at Keswick, and has taken to experimental farming on his own account. His younger brother, Raisley, at this period seems to have stayed sometimes at Penrith, sometimes at Windybrow with him.

It is more than probable that friendship with the Wordsworth family had been contracted in the former generation. The poet's father, as Lord Lonsdale's agent, would surely often come across old Mr. Raisley Calvert, the agent of the Duke of Norfolk and steward of his property at Greystoke. Be that as it may, we find Wordsworth in the Calverts' company, as fellow-traveller in the Isle of Wight and over Salisbury Plain in 1793. Young Raisley has left Cambridge, is in a decline, and on the lookout for milder air,

* Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Archaeological Society, vol. vi., Pt. II., p. 344. The Colony of German Miners at Keswick, by J. Fisher Crosthwaite, F.S.A.

and has already found in Wordsworth a friend after his own heart.

In the next year, 1794, we find Wordsworth at the farmhouse of Windybrow, anxiously writing to his friend Mathews to see if there is any chance of his obtaining work in connection with a London newspaper. He has resolved not to become a clergyman, he has neither money nor will to become an attorney, and the young poet, with all the burning desire to give his whole soul to the service of man as a poet, is at his wits' end to know how to earn sufficient bread for himself and his "dear, dear sister's" simple needs, to enable him to pursue the vocation which he feels Heaven has designed for him.

The young man, Raisley Calvert, with whom Wordsworth had had but little connection before, but whom now he dared to call his friend, was at Windybrow, and evidently worsening. If only he can go to the south, and get a whiff of Lisbon air and bask in Lisbon sunshine, surely he feels strength may be re-born and his days may be lengthened! Will Wordsworth accompany him?

One of the most memorable letters in Wordsworth's handwriting it has been my privilege to see, sets forth to his (Raisley's) elder brother, William, the ensign in the militia, then in quarters at Newcastle, the project of this journey to the south.

He writes from Keswick on October 1, 1794, and speaks of Raisley's illness. He asks William Calvert "whether it will not raise him in his own estimation" if he shall see his way to make such an allowance as would permit him — Wordsworth — to accompany young Raisley, the invalid, to Portugal; and then in very manly and courteous language he goes on to tell him that, in event of Raisley's decease, Raisley has so arranged his money matters as to bequeath him 600*l.*, and he trusts that neither the leaver of the legacy nor the interested recipient of it will fall in William Calvert's estimation by reason of the fact which he thinks it only right to make thus known to him. Nay, he makes it known at Raisley's request, "who, reflecting that his return from the projected journey to Lisbon is uncertain, had drawn out his will, which he intends to get executed in London.

Wordsworth, in the month following, writes to Mathews from Keswick under date November 7, 1794: "My friend has every symptom of a confirmed consumption, and I cannot think of quitting him in his present debilitated state." It is quite plain that the project of the trip

to the south was given up, and we find Wordsworth back again in the spring of 1795, still tenderly nursing the young Raisley. He writes on January 5 from Mrs. Sowerby's lodgings, at the sign of the Robin Hood at Penrith: "I have been here for some time; I am still much engaged with my sick friend; and sorry am I to add that he worsens daily — he is barely alive."

When Raisley Calvert's will was opened, it was found he had bequeathed 900*l.*, not 600*l.*, as promised, to the friend of his life's eventide — the friend who he believed would be a "morning star" of song for the days that were to be.

For the next eight years the poet and his sister lived secured from want, till such time as Lord Lowther repaid to his father's estate the 8,500*l.* borrowed by the old Lord Lonsdale years before. And, in a letter to Mrs. Stanger's husband in 1842, Wordsworth says: "It may be satisfactory to your wife for me to declare that my friend's bequest enabled me to devote myself to literary pursuits independent of any necessity to seek out pecuniary emolument, so that my talents, such as they might be, were free to take their natural course."

I had often wondered what it was that attracted the death-stricken young Raisley Calvert to the, serious-minded, solemn-natured elder man whom he seems to have chosen as companion for the last few years, or months rather, of his life. That wonder ceased when I read in Raisley's strongish, boldish hand, a letter to his brother William, from Cambridge, giving him his reason for refusing to remain at Cambridge longer than for the first few weeks of his first term, and setting forth his determination to pass over to the Continent, and there educate himself by travel, rather than waste his money and his time in the idle dissipation and swagger of dress that passed for education in his day at the great university.

He was not only disgusted at the sham and the show, but he had also gauged his own powers. A degree worth the name was not, he thought, attainable with such proficiency as was his in certain lines of study. He would ask for a draft to pay his tailor's bill and his tutor's fee, and would shake the dust of Cambridge from off his feet forever, and that speedily.

I may be wrong, but I fancied I saw beneath that young lad's rugged, forcible handwriting a feeling that the world men should strive to live in was reality, sincerity, simplicity. I suspect he recognized,

as those foredoomed to early death seem able to recognize, by a wisdom that cometh from above, that life worth the name was a life of usefulness to one's fellows. He found in Wordsworth the serious earnestness he believed in, and, not being himself a poet, he could still see how true poesy, and tender thought, and earnest endeavor in fields of philosophic musing might help his time; and so he determined to make it possible for Wordsworth to realize his aim. "The act" of Raisley's benefaction, wrote Wordsworth to Sir George Beaumont in 1805, "was due entirely from a confidence on his part that I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind." Had it not been for that act, England might never have known her Wordsworth, for truly sang the poet with heartfelt gratitude:—

Calvert! it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem,
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked, and finally array
My temples with the Muses' diadem.

William Calvert must have married, soon after his brother Raisley's death, a Miss Mitchinson, of an honored and well-known Cumbrian family, and we find him rebuilding the old farmhouse high up above the sounding river, in sight of the forge at which his Elizabethan ancestor may have labored with honor and profit. Already he is the good genius of the whole place—fast friend with Coleridge, lately domiciled at Greta Hall, and determined to turn the dreamy philosopher into a practical chemist.

In 1801 Coleridge writes to Humphry (afterwards Sir Humphry) Davy for instructions as to the fitting up of a chemical laboratory for Calvert.

In the same year we read in Dorothy Wordsworth's journal that Wordsworth and his sister go over to Calvert's; and Calvert no doubt did his best to persuade them to take up their abode in perpetuity with him and study electrical forces and hydraulics. Wordsworth cared for chemistry, a less passionate pursuit than poetry, and was doubtless not a little attracted to Windybrow, that happy "Castle of Indolence," where, with Calvert and the "noticeable man with large grey eyes," he might "banish listlessness and irksome care" by mechanical devices and toys, for certes Calvert "had inventions rare." Amongst them were a water-clock and an instrument for measuring the height of

mountains by triangulation. "Whether Wordsworth come or no," said Coleridge, "Calvert and I have determined to begin and go on. Calvert is a man of sense and some originality, and is, besides, what is well called a handy man."

No sooner had Southey come to Greta Hall, as he did in 1803, than we find him friends with Calvert; and interesting it is to trace, as one may through Southey's life and letters, how on any great political emergency the friends are closeted to discuss the affairs of the nation. Now Calvert will come down to Greta Hall to crack a bottle with Southey over some unexpected bit of good news from the peninsula; now Southey will go up to Windybrow to meet Mr. Curwen and Lord Lonsdale to arrange the terms of an address from the electors of Cumberland, or to spar with James Brougham over questions of Whig impudence and Tory morality. But I think one gets the best picture of Calvert from Shelley.

Shelley, without a penny in his pocket and plenty of pride in his heart, had accepted an invitation to Greystoke Park, December 1, 1811. He had been at Mr. Dare's house, Chesnut Hill, for about a fortnight, having removed thither from Mr. D. Crosthwaite's, of Town Head. As yet he knew nobody in the district; Southey had not called, nor Mr. Calvert, though I expect that if only Calvert had heard of those terrible goings on and the will-o'-the-wisp dances with thistle-tubes and hydrogen gas that took place in Mr. Dare's garden after dark, he would have already claimed the young poet for his chemic brotherhood at Windybrow. But Calvert had been seen; his "particular look" had struck "Harriet" Shelley when they met him in the mountains. And now, among the Duke of Norfolk's guests at Greystoke, this same Calvert made an indelible impression. "He knows everything that relates to my family and to myself—my expulsion from Oxford, the opinions that caused it, are no secrets to him," writes Shelley to Miss Hitchener on December 26, 1811. "He is an elderly man, and the expression of his face, whenever I held the arguments, which I do everywhere, was such as I shall not readily forget. I shall have more to tell of him."

Shelley soon had more to tell of him, it was a tale of benevolence. "The rent of our cottage was two guineas and a half a week, with linen provided; he has made the proprietor lower it to one guinea, and has lent us linen himself."

Calvert not only showed him kindness, but, acting on the Duke of Norfolk's hint, got others in the neighborhood to call on the runaway couple, who played like kittens round the garden plots of Chesnut Hill by day, and made hydrogen gas in retorts on the lawn at night.

He did more, he invited Shelley to Windybrow, and there introduced him to Robert Southey. "We first," writes Shelley, "met Southey at his house."

We must take leave of Shelley and think of Mr. Calvert, now busy with his chemicals, now with politics, and interested beyond other matters in experimental farming. There was a famine in the land. It behoved every good man and true to grow corn for the people, and, availing himself for a very public-spirited purpose, of the Commons Enclosure Act, he obtained the right to enclose Latrigg Common, and, in 1814, ran a plough over its barren top and strove, though unavailingly, to reap a harvest from the lofty burial-place of Briton and Norseman of old time.

The corn ripened slowly, growing as it did at the height of twelve hundred feet above the sea, and ere it could be harvested winter rains set in.

But the generations since that time, to the memorable "Right of Way" case of our day, have blessed Calvert for the good and easy path he made to the marvellous panorama as seen from the ridge of Lathar the Dane; and generations yet unborn who travel the same road may think of the benevolence which prompted the Latrigg tiller's deed, and may mourn for the loss of fortune that that experiment and others of an agricultural kind, undertaken in the name of science and the public good, caused the worthy man.

Of Mrs. Calvert one hears little; but she, too, had a heart for her neighbors' weal. The most amusing of all Southey's "Cat" letters to Grosvenor Bedford describes the advent to Greta Hall of "The Zombi," whose sudden screams from Wilsey's cellar in the early morning so terrified the household that it obliged Southey to inquire of his friend, who "knew more of cat nature than had ever been attained by the most profound naturalist," whether Zombi had seen the devil, or was he making love to himself, or was he engaged in single combat with himself, or was he attempting to raise the devil by invocation, or had he heard him—Southey—sing, and was he attempting vainly to imitate him.

"Othello" had died at Greta Hall.

Since that lamented event the house was cat-less, "till on Saturday, March 24, 1821, Mrs. Calvert, knowing how grievously we were annoyed by rats, offered me what she described as a fine full-grown black cat, who was moreover a Tom. She gave him an excellent character in all points but one, which was that he was a most expert pigeon-catcher; and as they had a pigeon-house, this propensity rendered it necessary to pass sentence upon him either of transportation or of death. "Moved," continues Southey in his solemnest strain, "by compassion (his color and his Tomship also being taken into consideration), I consented to give him an asylum, and on the evening of that day here he came in a sack."

At the unanimous desire of the children, I took upon myself the charge of providing him with a name, for it is not proper that a cat should remain without one. Taking into consideration his complexion, as well as his sex, my first thought was to call him Henrique Diaz, a name which poor Koster would have approved, had he been living to have heard it; but it presently occurred to me that "The Zombi" the title of the chief of the Palmares negroes—would be an appellation equally appropriate and more dignified. "The Zombi," therefore, he was named.

Mrs. Calvert was a clever housewife, and as she was blessed with an ingenious husband, whose motto was "never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow," one can guess what comfort, in matters domestic, she found in intercourse with the methodical go-by-clock-work household at Greta Hall.

But the ties that bound the Greta houses in closest alliance were neither politics, nor chemistry, nor cats—they were the young children. The Greta Hall children and the Windybrowites were inseparable; and what a remarkable company they were. Edith Southey, with her lithe figure, her round, rosy face, and her fair hair; Isabel, the fiery; Kate, the dark-eyed and garrulous; Bertha the brave and the bluff; Sara Coleridge, with her delicate, pale beauty and her marvellous eyes; and Dora Wordsworth, from over the Raise—for she often came for a visit—Dora with her swift, impetuous movements, her flashing eye, and her heavy yellow locks; and last, but not least noticeable, the grey-eyed, merry little only daughter of Greta Bank, Mary Calvert.

While the boys were quaint Job or Hartley Coleridge, the thinker; plumpy Derwent, the brother, with his solemn

lisp; Herbert Southey, the adorable, too soon to pass away; and then the young Calverts — John, and Raisley, and William.

Of these latter, alas! with his birth in one must have been born the seeds of that same fatal disorder that had carried off his uncle, Raisley Calvert. But what a fine nature had been thus born to languish and pass away in the prime of manhood we may gather from Sterling's letter to Charles Barton, dated Funchal, Madeira, March 3rd, 1838, as quoted in Carlyle's life of Sterling: "I have now come to live with a friend, a Dr. Calvert, in a small house of our own. He is about my age, an Oriel man, and a very superior person."

"Among the English," says Carlyle, "in pursuit of health, or in flight from fatal disease, that winter, was this Dr. Calvert; about Sterling's age, and in a deeper stage of ailment, this not being his first visit to Madeira, he, warmly joining himself to Sterling, as we have seen, was warmly received by him; companionship in incurable malady, a touching bond of union, was by no means purely or chiefly a companionship in misery in their case. The sunniest, inextinguishable cheerfulness shone, through all manner of clouds, in both. Calvert had been a travelling physician in some family of rank (the Spencers and the Falklands), who had rewarded him with a pension, shielding his own ill-health from one sad evil. Being hopelessly gone in pulmonary disorder, he now moved about among friendly climates and places, seeking what alleviation there might be; often spending his summer in the house of a sister" (her of whom we are writing), "in the environs of London; an insatiable rider on his little brown pony; always, wherever you might meet him, one of the cheeriest of men. He had plenty of speculation too, clear glances of all kinds into religious, social, moral concerns; and pleasantly incited Sterling's outpourings on such subjects. He could report of fashionable persons and manners in a fine human Cumberland manner; loved art, a great collector of drawings; he had endless help and ingenuity" (we know where that came from); "and was in short every way a very human, lovable, good, and nimble man. The laughing blue eyes of him, the clear, cheery soul of him, still redolent of the fresh northern breezes and transparent mountain stream." (Alas! that the Greta should know transparency no more!) "With this Calvert, Sterling formed a natural intimacy; and they were to each other a great possession, mutually

enlivening many a dark day during the next three years."

In 1840 the sick friends were at Falmouth; Sterling himself tells us from thence of Calvert, his companion down the way to death: "Calvert is better than he lately was. He shoots little birds, and dissects and stuffs them; while I carry a hammer, and break flints and slates to look for diamonds and rubies inside."

Dr. Calvert, the blue-eyed, breezy man who found such commonality of soul with Sterling, died, as the tablet in the old church of St. Kentigern's, Crosthwaite, tells us, at Falmouth, in January of 1842. Writing to Hare, Sterling says of him: "I have lost Calvert; the man with whom, of all others, I have been during late years the most intimate. Simplicity, benevolence, practical good sense, and moral earnestness were his great unflinching characteristics; and no man, I believe, ever possessed them more entirely."

These words are worth quoting; we find in them evidence of the same serious earnestness and transparent simplicity in this later death-stricken Calvert which had been part of his uncle Raisley's possession of soul. The old Quaker stock is still in him; with the desire that was at bottom of Raisley's heart when he made it possible for Wordsworth to help his age; the desire which was, as Carlyle tells us, at the root of Sterling's being, to know "by what means is a noble life still possible for us here."

What Sterling found to be the characteristic of John Calvert, till 1842, all those who have known John Calvert's sister, Mrs. Stanger, of Fieldside, till 1890, have found to be hers also. If one wanted words to paint the character of that venerable friend whose loss we now deplore, one would surely say that "simplicity, benevolence, practical good sense, and moral earnestness" were her unflinching characteristics also.

To return to that little happy child community that blessed the Keswick Valley in the first decade of this century.

We must remember that the same year that the guns were heard roaring off the Isle of Man, and Southey and the apothecary and the eighteen sworn men were like to have stood to arms in the Keswick market-place, for fear of the French — if only the poet had not been too sorely busy in his newly plastered library, correcting the proofs of "Madoc" — there was born, as the April night faded into May, a little daughter into the home of Greta Hall.

"I had a daughter, Edith, hatched last night, for she came into the world with not much more preparation than a chicken, and no more beauty than a young dodo," wrote Robert Southey to Miss Barker on March 1, 1804. And thus Sara Coleridge, sixteen months the senior, for she was born at Greta Hall, December 22, 1802, had a baby cousin for her playmate. In the following August the two Keswick infants were to be blessed with a tiny friend, from over the Raise, by the birth of Dora Wordsworth, which took place on August 16th.

On the 11th of October of the same year, at Greta Bank or Windybrow, the baby cousins, Edith Southey and Sara Coleridge, and the tiny Dora, had given to them another companion and friend for life by the birth of Mary Calvert.

If we wish to know more about this little lady we must go to Sara Coleridge's journal, and there we shall read how "the last event" of Sara's earlier childhood "which abided with her," was a visit to the seaside at Allonby, when she was nine years old, with Mrs. Calvert and the Windybrow bairns.

"Of the party beside John and Raisley Calvert, and Mary, their sister, were Tom and William Maude, the sons of Mrs. Calvert's sister. We used to gallop up and down the wide sands on two little ponies. Mary and I sometimes quarrelled with the boys. I remember Raisley and the rest bursting angrily into our bedroom and flinging a pebble at Mary, enraged at our having dared to put crumbs into their porridge; not content with which inroad and onslaught, they put mustard into ours next morning, the sun having gone down upon their boyish wrath without quenching it. One of them said it was all that little vixen, Sara Coleridge; Mary was quiet enough by herself."

"In those early days we used to spend much of our summer time in trees, greatly to the horror of some of our summer visitors" — and here the autobiography of Sara Coleridge's childhood abruptly ceases.

Yet until February of this present year the story from living lips of that childhood ceased not.

The little climber of the trees at Greta Hall had here on earth a living testimony in the person of one who was as fond of arboreal gymnastics as she was, as fearless as herself, or, to use Mrs. Stanger's own words, "as great a tom-boy as any of them."

It was my privilege to see her often

latterly — this little playmate of Sara Coleridge and Edith Southey and Dora Wordsworth — and to talk much of those old times, and to feel as one talked her love of the days of old and loyalty to the Southey and Coleridge family grow into one's very being. On this matter I almost received her heart into my own.

There she sat in her easy-chair, the grey eyes of her laughing with all the fun of those days of romp and frolic at Greta Hall, or filled with tears at the thoughts, almost too deep for tears, that a memory from out of the storehouse of the past would bring. What a storehouse truly it was! Not only could Mrs. Joshua Stanger keep in mind from day to day the thousand interests of the time, the large questions of the nation, or the little questions of her native place — she not only knew, as we say in Cumberland, "aw that was stirrin'," the last great speech in the House of Commons, the last book of worth published — but in her mind she had never let any of the long years go to sleep. She spoke of events in the fifties, as in the tens and twenties, and one felt that a truly human heart had beaten beneath the lifelong drama that had been hers from beginning to end.

"The first thing I can distinctly remember," she used to say, "was my christening in the old church. For some reason unknown to me — perhaps because of the Quaker blood in the family — I was not christened till I was three years old, and brother Raisley and I were taken to Crowthwaite church together. I distinctly remember thinking a great deal of the blue frock I wore on that occasion." This was, as the baptismal register testifies, on the last day of 1806. That this baptism was considered a memorable event in the eyes of the person who made the entry is clear from the fact that he gives a whole page of parchment to it. It gives us the name of the father and the maiden name of the mother of the two children thus baptized, tells us the dates of birth of Raisley and Mary, and is interesting as showing that at this early time the old name of their house, "Windybrow," had given way to the more modern name of "Greta Bank."

The next thing she remembered clearly was Shelley's visit to Keswick. I once repeated the question: —

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?

And did he speak to you?

And did you speak to him again?

How strange it seems and new!

"Yes, to be sure, dear sir, I did see Shelley plain, and I remember his eyes and his hair, and how troubled he was because, when he came to unfold the packet, the workbox he had brought for Mr. Calvert's little girl, as he used to call me, was not to be found. But I think I remember best the sort of look that came upon my father's and upon Southey's face when he talked, and how I and my brothers were hurried out of the room, lest we should hear the conversation."

The next memorable day was the occasion of Southey's return home in November of 1813 as poet laureate. "I remember the excitement we were all in at the Hall, waiting for his return, and next day we had a great tea-party and made a wreath of evergreen, and Edith Southey and I put it upon his head and crowned him."

As late as last Easter day, 1889, the faithful hands that helped to weave the laureate's crown sent down a laurel wreath to lay upon his tomb.

"Dear sir," she would say, "from the days when it was a part of my evening task to read aloud Wordsworth's poems to my father, I honored him; but I think I never quite got over my childish fear of Wordsworth. I loved Southey; there never breathed a gentler, kinder-hearted man."

It was, I suspect, the want of twinkle and fun in Wordsworth that lay like a weight upon that merriest of young girls. For Mrs. Stanger was full of fun, radiant and sparkling with wit to the last. If in her younger days her swift repartee had made her sometimes seem brusque, in her mellow old age the swift, keen sense of the ridiculous served her in good stead, and gave a piquancy and a freshness to her words that made one feel as though in the presence of perpetual youth.

Just behind her, where she sat in her ruby-colored chair, hung the portrait of brother John, Sterling's friend — his large, clear eyes, his delicate mouth, the seriousness of his open face, showing above the ample stock of neckcloth that he wore; on her left, a more notable pencil drawing of Wordsworth by Nash.* She would point at it and say, "I think that is the best portrait of Wordsworth I have seen." The poet is seated, leaning his solemn, rather heavy and large-featured face upon his right hand; his left hand is, like Napoleon's, in his waistcoat.

"That was his favorite attitude when he was reciting his poems; and because he

would always then place his hand into his flannel vest, the flannel vest-tapes would give way, and as a little girl, scarce able to reach so high, it was my duty to replace those tapes when he stayed at Windybrow. I remember now the kind of terror with which my poor little trembling fingers stitched away after breakfast to repair the disaster wrought by that trick of the poet's hand."

It was doubtless a relic of that alarm of the old vest-tape sewing days that had kept so clear in her mind the impressions of the difference in matters of dress between the two poets. "Wordsworth," she used to say, "would fling his cloak and things round him as if he didn't care whether they fitted him or not, and hardly ever seemed to give a thought to his dress; but Southey was prim and spruce and neat from head to toe — cravat spotless, and coat, however old, neatly fitting and carefully brushed; a man of order every inch of him."

Once she most amusingly, but quite good-naturedly, spoke of the different way in which the Greta Hall and Rydal Mount breakfast was got through. Here the poet talked and was waited on hand and foot as a matter of course. The toast was spread, the cream was poured into the tea, the note-book was near, and the women, with love and devotion unparalleled, hovered as it were in continual attendance — of their own wants oblivious. There no one seemed to think about the bard; he seemed to think about all — the aunt, the children, the very tabbies. Was the milk as they liked it, was the porridge right? And then Mrs. Southey, she had no appetite, she must be coaxed — and such coaxing, it was as pretty as a play — such happy, lover-like ways. This little piece of bread thus toasted, that cup of tea so sugared. But Southey? Oh, let them send him a cup of tea up to the great study presently — never mind for him, so that the mother and the aunts and the bairns were breakfasted.

Enthusiastically would Mrs. Stanger speak of Dorothy and Mrs. Wordsworth, and always with deepest reverence of Wordsworth's poems; but the awe of the vest-tape days was heavy upon her. I suspect as a child she would no more have jumped upon Wordsworth's knees than on the king's. But on the genial knees of Southey of course she had clambered. Southey's knees were the common property of all the children of Greta Bank or Greta Hall; and what a length of knee it was!

* Nash died January, 1821. Wordsworth was born 1770. The portrait is of a man nearer fifty than forty years old.

"Dear sir," Mrs. Stanger would say with a smile, "I remember as a little girl thinking that Southey when he rose from the table was never going to finish getting up."

Those dark eyes and the heavy curls of hair upon the poet's brow she too remembered, and spoke of the high voice of the man, and of the quaint way in which, when he was going to read a poem or when he addressed a friend that he met, he would look up, as a short-sighted man looks up beneath his eye-glasses; not that Southey's eyes were ever dim—it was just a trick, and as Mrs. Stanger spoke of it I recalled that I had noticed it in his son Cuthbert.

The joyous days of the bluebell gathering by the Greta; of the primrosing at Armthwaite and Mirehouse; of the "daffy" getting on Lord's Isle; and the picnics in Lord William Gordon's woods—of these too would she speak. Southey was always the leader of the picnic band. One of the happiest times on which I remember seeing her, if one might judge by her face, was just such a picnic and water-party as she had enjoyed when a child, on the bank of Derwentwater five years ago, when the little Mary Calvert, now an aged lady of eighty summers, in the sunny quiet of a summer day, was the presiding genius of a band of picnickers, and from beneath the ample brim of a satin poke-bonnet poked her fun at us who made such bungling work at the fire for the gipsy kettle. It was, I believe, on this occasion that a watcher approached to warn the party from landing; but, hearing who was the queen of the party, he said: "Ow, if t' auld laädy is Mistress Stanger o' Fieldside she mud gang wharver she need," and so saying strode off.

Once she told me of the schooldays at Bellevue, Ambleside, where she met a former scholar of the school in the person of the daughter of Wordsworth's Whitehaven cousin Richard, Dorothy Wordsworth, who was domiciled at Rydal Mount about 1813, and who with Dora came daily to the classes. Mary Calvert, being of Dora Wordsworth's own age, was naturally attracted to "bright-minded Dora," of whom she ever spoke with love; but the fresh beauty of that elder Dorothy struck her girlish fancy, and only last year she asked me for news of beautiful Mrs. Harrison, of Green Bank, then in her eighty-seventh year.

It was at this schoolday time that she saw much on half-holidays of Rydal

Mount ways and manners, and saw only to revere.

The dancing days of the olden time were fresh in her mind. As Sara Coleridge remembered the minuet with Charlie Denton, the vicar's little lad—which Master Youdale, the fiddler and dancing-master, put them through—so did Mrs. Joshua Stanger remember the Keswick dancing-school. The annual dancing display that ended the winter's session of Master Youdale's teaching was a great event. The quiet serenity of Mrs. Southey upon this occasion, contrasted with the fidget of Mrs. Coleridge, as to the white frocks and sashes for the young folk, had struck Mrs. Stanger.

In those days, and still in some parts of Cumberland, dancing was a serious part of the education of the youth. The fiddler came round, and school, except for his class, ceased. There are still living in Keswick men and women past the shady side of sixty, who, if they hear the old-fashioned "Jack my laddie" played, put their hands upon their hips and fall to the three-cornered reel with all the spirit and "lishness" of young things. The Greta Hall and Greta Bank children were to be properly educated, and this meant among other things that they should learn to dance.

Mrs. Stanger would speak of the grace of Edith Southey as she moved through the minuet.

"You know, dear sir, Sara Coleridge had the intellect in her face. You can get from the portrait Laurence painted for me no idea of the pathos and the feeling in it, nor the azure-grey depth of those wonderful meditative eyes of Sara's—eyes into which it was said her father had looked and left behind the color of his own. But for figure and grace and perfect movement Edith Southey bore away the palm; I can only describe her movements as swan-like."

I was glad to hear from living lips the truth of that description of Edith, which caused such quizzing when, in 1824, Amelia Opie wrote in Mrs. Waters's album some washy lines commemorative of her seeing Southey and the graceful Edith:

'Twas pleasant to meet
And see thee, fam'd Swan of the Derwent's
fair tide,
With the elegant Cygnet that floats by thy
side,

and when Southey, much tickled by the description, began a letter to his daughter thus:—

"My elegant Cygnet,—By this time your elegancy will be looking for some news of the Swan and the Swan's nest," etc.

Those dancing classes, though they could not turn geese into swans, at any rate taught grace and easy motion and manners to Master Youdale's pupils.

There was a delightful levelling-up about those parties. The children of poor and rich alike, if only they had learned the minuet step and were provided with the necessary gloves and pumps, met on terms of absolute equality when on the last great day, and in the eyes of their parents, they were put through their paces. "And you know, dear sir," said Mrs. Stanger, "it rather took the pride out of us to find that our clogger's boy and our schoolmaster's little girl knew their steps and made their bows and curtsies better than we did."

But dancing days were to come to an end at last, and first of the Keswick co-terie to fly away was little Mary Calvert.

In the parish register of Crosthwaite church, under date 3rd of August, 1824, appears the entry:—

"Joshua Stanger, bachelor, of the parish of Crosthwaite, and Mary Calvert, spinster, of the same parish, married in the church by license, with consent of parents."

The hand that tied the knot was the hand of Mrs. Lynn Linton's father, the stately vicar, James Lynn. The witnesses to the wedding were Sterling's friend, John M. Calvert, Sara Coleridge, and Sara Maude.

It was a remarkable wedding, if only for the fact that Southey spoke at the wedding breakfast, and two of the famous triad whom Wordsworth has immortalized were bridesmaids. Mere chance was it that the full triad were not present. Edith Southey was away on a visit in the south of England. Writing to a widowed friend on the sixty-first anniversary of that wedding day, Mrs Stanger says: "I can enter into your recollections of the past, the happy days of union with the beloved one. So it has been with me. Last Monday, August 3rd, was the sixty-first anniversary of the wedding day. I need not enlarge on this matter. The bridesmaids were Dora Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, my cousin, Sara Maude Miss Moorsome's aunt, and Isabella Curwen, Dora W.'s aunt. A very pretty group, though not costumed as is the fashion nowadays."

Speaking of that day, more than two generations ago, Mrs. Stanger told me that Dora Wordsworth journeyed back to

Rydal in their coach, and was all the way miserable, as fearing she was *de trop*. "But you know, dear sir," she said with a twinkle, "newly married people are so stupid that I always should recommend a third person to ride bodkin—and we were quite sorry to part with her, as we did at the bottom of Rydal Hill, where her father was waiting to receive her and to wish us joy."

Happy union was that with the worthy Doughty Street merchant. Sorrowful in this, with a lifelong sorrow, that a fair child was given them, another little Mary—given but taken away from them in 1829, to leave a scar upon their hearts till death.

What Herbert's death was to Southey, the death of that little girl, whose bust used to stand in the Fieldside study, was to Mrs. Stanger. She never spoke of any children without a sigh. If, as she walked round the room to point out the portraits upon the walls to strangers, her attention was called to the medallion of that bust, she would say, "That is a closed chapter;" and so late as last year I saw her eyes fill with silent but eloquent tears as she passed the little picture of the child.

The child's death left a tenderness for every living thing upon her heart. We have only to turn to Sara Coleridge's memoirs and letters to see how, inasmuch as she felt the loss of dear ones deeply herself, she was able in her real sympathy to speak comfort to those that mourned. "Your last kind note was written in a strain that harmonized well with my feelings," says Sara Coleridge in answer to Mrs. Stanger's letter of condolence on the death of Sara's infant daughter.

"Faith in a world beyond this vale of tears," linked with the sure and certain hope of reunion with the beloved, was Mrs. Stanger's; and throughout the correspondence alluded to above one notices that it was not on intellectual problems that Sara Coleridge wrote to Mrs. Stanger, so much as on the realities of deep feeling, the problems of the heart; and that it was specially in the cloudy days of grief that she turned to Mrs. Stanger, the sunny Mary Calvert of her youth, who remained the sunny Mary Calvert to the end, for sympathy and help.

Ah! how much at such a time brave hands had to do and brave hearts to bear she had learnt when death came suddenly upon him whom she loved, and with her warm hand within his cold one she found strength to drive a weary eighteen miles, across the lonely moor, beneath dark

Blencathra and by the wailing Greta's stream, back to the home upon the hill in which for thirty-six years she should wait and watch alone.

It was a fair spot, that Fieldside of her husband's making—their happy choice when feeling the irresistible charm of their native valley they returned from Wandsworth, after nineteen years' absence, to dwell amongst their own people, because they loved the Greta Bank and Dovecot and Greta Hall. The light has gone out of it, its windows are darkened, but it is a fair spot still, with its daffodils ablaze on the slopes, its sycamore between it and the saffron sky. Fair from thence is the dawn when the far-off vale from Bassen-thwaite to Derwentwater is swathed in mist; fair there is the noon when the little town in the hollow lies silently beneath the opal, gauzy veil of its hearthstone smoke; fair is Fieldside at the sunset, when over Newlands Hawse the sun that burns "upon the waters to the west" sends showers of silver down the hills, and with reflected glories lights the lake; and fairest when, between the sunset and the stars, the lamplight stars come out in the Keswick streets, and the jewels of the far-off railway lamps flicker into being against the azure-blue background of Grisedale and Barf. It is a house of ancient hospitalities and old-fashioned country ways. I never climbed the hill and passed beneath the sturdy portal, with its date 1843 upon it—sacred for that in that year Southey died—without being sure that many spirit guests would be summoned by the venerable old lady from out the past, and there would be much talk of the present.

"Have you seen my new experiments in ensilage? Thomas (he was the *fidus Achates* of her farm) says the cows never took to food so well in their lives, and though I confess to believing it has left a taste in the cream, it certainly has thickened it; do go and see it. My legs won't let me go to-day; I saw the process yesterday." That was a little startling query, perhaps, from an old lady of eighty summers. But as an old lady of eighty-three she rose early on the morning of the Show day to review her fat stock ere it went to the Show; and none more proudly spoke of the blue ribbons and cards of honor that her cattle won than she.

No talk came amiss to her if it was not mere chatter. "Dear sir, you have been to London; well, what pictures am I to look at? For I intend to stay a day on my way through to Lyme Regis. And did

you see the play? How did Irving acquit himself in the 'Merchant of Venice'? I hear such different reports." And her eyes would sparkle as one vainly endeavored to set forth what one had seen.

To London? Did she go to London? Ay, verily, to London; and through London to Lyme on the Dorset coast every summer would she travel, and that too with a bright heart and a merry.

A loyalist was she. "God bless the queen! I knew another reign, you know, and I feel we English people owe a deep debt of gratitude to her for the example she has set to wives and mothers," she once said. What she said she meant. On that proud day in 1887 when her Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God still queen, passed in triumphal show to Westminster, there was no loyaller-hearted woman as witness of the Jubilee than the little Mary Calvert of old time—the aged lady who in her enthusiasm refused to sit, but would stand up straight upon the box-seat of the coach, near Apsley House, to see her Majesty pass.

She was in her eighty-third year when she sat with the old people of more than sixty winters who partake of a common meal each Christmas-tide in the little Keswick town.

I do not think that Mrs. Stanger ever was seen to better advantage than when she mixed with the simple folk. The deference, almost to veneration, paid her by her tenantry, as by her humbler neighbors—the devotion shown to her by her servants—never made her for a moment forget that they had all a common human heart.

She had the power of being on familiar terms with them, and setting them perfectly at their ease; and yet always she was the squireess, the lady to be treated with natural respect, the mistress whose will was law. "Niver could be a better mistress in t' whole world, niver a kinder friend," was the saying of one who had attended upon her for twenty years. "Not an ounce of pride about her," was another saying of an old retainer. And they who remember how she would drive over to see her tenants at Walthwaite, and partake of the simple hospitalities in the far-off Fellside farm, knew this was literally true.

Yet it was as landowner that she most shone. She had inherited an instinctive love for the management of land. She knew the ins and outs of legal and law-agency lore, in connection with the occupation of land; but the interest her estate

had for her was the human interest of the folk who lived upon it. I have never come across any one who more truly entered into the feeling of a landowner's duty to the tenantry. She often spoke of it. "Land has its privileges, but it has its burdens; it has its rights, but it has its duties, dear sir, also." And her care to enter into and help the friendly life of her own tenants showed she meant what she said. The question of "rights of way" once came up, and after a little conversation she laid down her spectacles and said in a decided tone:—

"Parliament, dear sir, ought not to leave it to private individuals to defend public rights of way; they are matters of too great importance, especially in such a land as ours." But the fair-minded old lady would always add: "Nevertheless, the public should respect the land they pass over. There is a great deal of needless damage done by thoughtless people, and I dare say landowners receive much provocation." How pleased would the lady of Fieldside have been to have heard that Mr. Buchanan's resolution for making the County Council responsible maintainers of rights of way had obtained a majority, and that members of all parties had voted for it!

It is not often that we hear of a lady of eighty-three writing a letter of congratulation to a friend who has attempted to keep open a public path, but before me lies just such a letter, in which she characterizes the attempt to keep open old paths as "a noble effort." To my way of thinking, the noble effort is a letter so written with such spirit from one so just, so true, and such a lover of the land of her birth.

There had been a most unfortunate attempt to close Latrigg-top against the people; the hands that would have closed it were the hands of her old friends. I do not think any act of later days so troubled her. It was her father's Latrigg. She remembered eating the baked potatoes made by the turf bonfires they lit when they made the road to the top in 1814. She remembered her father saying that the people were free to use the path forever, and that he would get a road leading to it declared a right of way by the justices. Every Sunday all through the years had she gazed across the gorge between her and that mountain height, and seen with joy the people clear against the sky—and to think that this never more could be! The people who had claimed the right of way were pushed into a court

of law; there was absolute refusal to settle it out of court. The evidence of the little girl of Windybrow was important, as showing implied dedication, and sorely as it troubled her to go against her personal friends, she gave evidence. I spoke afterwards with one of the commissioners who examined her on oath previous to the trial, and he said: "A marvellous old lady! she absolutely refused to be puzzled in cross-examination. Her evidence," he added, "is invaluable." And what he said proved to be so when read in court.

The visitors to, and residents in Keswick, who rejoice their hearts with the marvellous view from the top of Latrigg, if they let their eyes wander back along the ridge across the valley from near the Druid's Circle to the town, may gaze a moment upon Fieldside among its trees and flowers, and thank a brave old lady for her public spirit shown in years beyond the fourscore that are ours.

But her vitality was as great as her memory was good. Never a lecture of importance in the little town below the hill but she would attend; she sat through a three hours' recital of the "Messiah," given in the evening in the Mother Church, only last Easter-tide. Last May she watched the May-show procession, and drove into the Fitz Park to laugh at the fun and enjoy the sight of the little girls in their white frocks dancing the old-fashioned Maypole dance and skipping for the prizes that the May queen gave.

And this vitality enabled her to be the best of hostesses to the last. She would each year preside at a bountiful supper-party given at her house to the choir of her parish church. And the old-fashioned cheer was not one whit less remarkable than the old-fashioned cordiality with which she welcomed her guests of all degrees.

Once a week she held an "At-home" in simple wise; and touching enough was it to see how those who felt years heavy upon them would make the Saturday walk up the great hill, to chat with the venerable lady of Fieldside, almost a religious exercise. I fancy they all came away feeling that old age was a better thing and a brighter thing than they had thought it on the way up, and that a heart need never grow old.

The friends of old Greta Hall days had passed away one by one, but Mrs. Stanger had such power of swift sympathy with the young and the new, that hers was no friendless old age; nor did she ever seem

to forget the thousand "little unremembered acts of constant kindness" which her own kindness called forth. I remember that, having attended the funeral of her friend, the last of the Southey's of Greta Hall days, I had written her some simple account of the dead man as I saw him peacefully sleeping there in his coffin; of the bearing of the body by the stalwart yeomen to the little church below Askham Vicarage; of the burial service beside the rushing Lowther stream. And this was the note, dated December 28, 1888: "Many kind acts are *registered in my memory* that Mr. — has done, but none that has gone so *straight* to my heart as his last act of reverence towards my old friend, Cuthbert Southey. I am deeply interested in what I hear." What a full register of kind deeds, thought I, must that old heart verily be that can thus feel and think! But they who watched the tender, almost solemn care with which she would label and paste into permanent albums the Christmas and birthday cards that came with greetings, year in year out, knew the heart was as mindful as it was warm in its recollections of the tiny proofs of love and reverence those Christmas cards or birthday greetings intended.

She helped also with wisest generosity others than those of the poorest of the poor — her friends whose circumstances had been less fortunate than her own. The very soul of unostentatious charity, none knew through what ever-widening circles her benevolence moved. But the poor in the Crosthwaite Vale felt that "their nivver wad be another Mrs. Joshua, nivver could be," and they honored her, one and all. She was, as Derwent Coleridge, in a little poem dedicated to her and printed for private circulation in 1879, put it: —

In humblest homes a helpful visitor;
Homes too a little humbler than thine own,
Where pleasant words and looks are needed
most,
Oft seconded by kindly courteous acts —
Far rarer proof of Christian charity.

Her home had been for the past half century the rendezvous of lovers of the English Lake poets. How many a time did she graciously delight the stranger whom a friend would bring, at a request to call upon her — have her autograph album brought and show the famous letters therein from great men. Not the least famous those from young Raisley and from Wordsworth to William Calvert. And with what a solemn way would she

repeat the "Raisley Sonnet" and its close: "It gladdens me, O worthy short-lived youth! to think how much of this will be thy praise!" as she laid the letter back into its resting-place.

She always poohpooched the idea that Wordsworth was describing her father in the latter verse of the "Castle of Indolence." "My father's eyes certainly were fine, but nothing compared to Coleridge's," she would say; "and then his lip was not down-hung." The little pencil sketch of her father certainly bore out her contention; and she would agree to the suggestion that Wordsworth was really conjuring up a face from the recollections of the two friends, her father and Coleridge, and adding a touch from a memory of his own to the picture.

Never so did Mrs. Stanger seem to glow as when a real Coleridge and a real Wordsworth were beneath her kindly roof-tree.

It was at her house I saw for the first and last time Derwent Coleridge, and heard him speak of what Mrs. Stanger had been to him from early Greta Hall days.

In the touching poem by Derwent Coleridge before referred to, entitled "The Vale of Crosthwaite," he describes Fieldside and the view of mountain and vale and lake from the high lawn from where

we look
Down the steep cleft through which the Greta
flows,
Across to Brundholme's over-hanging wood.
How shall I paint the scene on which I gaze,
Year after year thy favored guest, so fondly
Seated, or pacing the trim terrace walk
That fronts the high-placed cottage, shall I
call it,
Decked as it is with all that graces life?

Fieldside needs no picturing. Other houses as fair may be built among its trees and flower-beds; but the lady, the genius of Fieldside —

in whose dear hands were gathered
The various strings of grateful memory,
To pluck them at our bidding one by one —
she whom Derwent Coleridge speaks of
thus: —

Friend of my childhood! whom to see and hear
Is to renew the springtide of my youth.

. . .
Friend and companion! trained for serious
speech

By early converse with the good and wise,
Earnest for truth, with heart and eye attuned
To Nature's . . .
Ever intent on charitable deeds —

has gone from Fieldside forever.

Mrs. Stanger's natural force seemed unabated — her eye, that grey, merry Calvert eye, was undimmed — but she felt at times the sorrow of old age. Her very swiftness of thought must have often made her wish, as she quaintly put it, "to have another pair of legs." This same vigor of mind she prayed would be continued to the last. Of death she had no fear, only of life prolonged beyond clearness of brain and mind. Writing to a friend in February, 1887, upon the death of Mrs. Coleridge, she says :—

"Yes, the death of dear Mrs. Coleridge has made its mark upon my heart and memory. To me it must be a more impressive event than for those of the same age and standing. She was my friend. The affectionate intercourse that I had with the dear couple, both so interesting, was a passage in my life ever to be remembered. I am very aged myself; I pray that the mind, feeble though it is, may by God's mercy hold out as long as the case — the body does.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"MARY S.

"Pray keep indoors; your cold must not be neglected."

God preserved that mind to the last. Within eight weeks of her death we had a talk about hymnology. Her nephew, Mr. M——, had just compiled a very interesting collection of the originals of the "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and she urged the good and glory of true hymn-writing as helps to souls in doubt and sorrow, and spoke of her own favorites. But God's finger in the same great mercy and in the fulness of time touched her, and she slept. Through the quiet sunshine of a February day (February 10) — rare in its brightness and its beauty, clear though cold — they bore her body down the hill to the church of good St. Kentigern in the valley. The people came to their doors and stood and gazed after the sad procession; the tradesmen darkened their windows and followed out of the town. They passed the old Hall garden on the hill by the Greta, where she had played with the Coleridges and Southneys in her youth, and so over the river by whose banks she had gathered bluebells for the birthday wreath in the days of auld lang syne. And the Greta sang and sparkled at the bridge, and Skiddaw sloped down towards the vale in happy, smiling pomp of February gold. But the dark procession sadly went on its way.

They entered the Church of the Cross

in the Thwaite itself, in its solid repair, a monument of the generous care and piety of her husband's brother. The organ moaned forth majestic music; slowly they bore the coffin heaped with flowers past the font, whereby she had stood a startled child to feel the chrismal rain in the long years gone. Solemnly they laid it down before the altar rails where she had knelt a happy bride; and some heads turned to the double tablet of white marble upon the southern wall, and sighed to think that the last of the Calverts had come to her long rest. The lesson was read, the organ wailed again; out to the clear cold sunshine they went, past the plot of ground where the Southneys sleep, and laid her near, in a grave where the roses bloom the last in summer and forget-me-nots will never surely die, by the side of the husband she had so loved and honored until death.

Then the bells broke the silence that fell upon the dark crowd round the grave, and to the sound of a muffled peal the mourners, not a little comforted, came back from the quiet churchyard to the little town beneath the hills, and as they passed the bridge they felt that the roll of Greta Hall and Greta Bank memories had been folded up, and that a friend, both of rich and poor, high and low, had gone from among them; a friend who had left behind in the Keswick Vale a name of honor, of simplicity, of wit and wisdom, of love and good-will to all, of moral earnestness and sincerity, of sympathy and faith — that would outlive the grave and keep the name of the last of the Calverts fragrant and ever green.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Miss Grey, you *are* going to have a scorcher," said Mr. Green as he greeted me one summer morning.

I would gladly have doubted his word, for it was Christmas day, and, moreover, my wedding day as well; but early as it was, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky — "shining with all his might;" and though he had browned the grass, and baked the earth, and pumped up every drop of water long ago, leaving nothing but hot stones in the creek beds, he set to work as earnestly as if he had just taken a contract to dry up the deluge and wanted to get done in time.

"Ah, well," I said, trying to make the best of it—"ah, well, blessed is the bride the sun shines on, you know."

I left the shady verandah, and went across to the wool-shed to give a finishing touch to the wedding breakfast, already laid there on a long table improvised for the occasion. Only the decorating part was left to me; and as I arranged such greenery and flowers as I had, the old saw kept running in my head: "Blessed is the bride the sun shines on." Surely the omen is true this once, for was there ever such a splendid fellow as Jack, or such a lucky girl as I? I changed my opinion of old saws before the day was over; but there, that's telling.

Then I thought of my past life, and wondered if I was the same Mary Grey who, two years—yes, only two years ago, had been all alone in the world. I remembered my timid, scared feeling at being among strangers when I came as governess to this up-country run. How queer the life had seemed at first, and how homelike it seemed now. It was hard to realize that I could ever be afraid of Mrs. Green, who was like a loving mother to me. I soon got to like my work too; and then—yes, then came Jack, and had things been ever so bad, life would have seemed *couleur de rose* to me.

So I was dreaming over my work on that hot Christmas morning thirty years ago, when I was disturbed by Minnie Green. "Oh, Miss Grey," she said, "Mr. Rushton has come, and Mr. Stanley" (Dick Stanley was to be Jack's best-man), "and Mr. Bruce, and"—with emphasis—"the parson! Such a funny little man, Miss Grey, with yellow hair, and a pink face like a baby's, and white hands. Do parsons always have pink faces and white hands?"

I never had an opportunity of answering this question, for just then Jack appeared, and Minnie having gone to have another look at the cleric English complexion and white hands which had so impressed her, we fell into a conversation, interesting enough to ourselves, but of no concern to outsiders, till we were interrupted by Mrs. Green.

"Well, upon my word," she said, "what on earth can you two have to talk about? Come, Mary; it is time for you to think of dressing. You can't have anything very particular to say to Jack here; and if you have, there is all the rest of your life to say it in." With which profound remark she sent Jack to the dining-room, where a picnic sort of first breakfast was

going on; and taking me to my room she brought me a cup of tea, and told me to rest a little, for I had a thirty-mile ride before me.

Now, though my dress was simple in the extreme, and I could have put it on myself in five minutes, being a bride I must be dressed. Mrs. Green and Minnie, who was to be my bridesmaid, undertook this office, and hindered me sadly. My dress was plain white muslin, simply made, and I had not intended wearing a veil; but Mrs. Green said that as they seldom saw a wedding, and she did not suppose I would be married again in a hurry, I might as well do the thing in style while I was about it; so, to please her, I shrouded myself in a length of plain tulle that covered me almost from head to foot, and really the effect was rather good.

At last I was dressed; but somehow we managed to be late, and it was a quarter of an hour behind time when I went across to the wool-shed on Mr. Green's arm; while Biddy held an umbrella over my head, and Mrs. Green followed sticking in utterly unnecessary pins to the very last moment. Every one was waiting; and the shed, decorated with such greenery as was available, looked quite festive. At one end stood the breakfast table with the cake, homemade, but imposing, a towering monument to Mrs. Green's housewifely skill. By a small table stood the clergyman in his surplice, looking a trifle out of place; while round about were ranged all available seats from chairs to milking-stools and slab benches with stick legs. They were all occupied, for, as I have already said, a wedding was not an every-day occurrence, and people had turned out in full force.

We advanced with all possible decorum, and the ceremony proceeded as usual till the ring had been put on and the blessing given, when some one, breathless and dusty, dashed in at the door and cried: "Fire! Bush-fire! Close here!" Instantly most of the forms were upset, and there was a rush for the door.

"Hi! Stop a minute," cried Jack, as he collared his two friends and dragged them back; "we will get this over now."

The clergyman hesitated, then skipping a good deal, he began the exhortation in which wives get so much good advice and husbands so little.

"Oh, never mind all that," cried Jack, stamping with impatience; "we will have the 'amazement' and all the rest of it some other time. What have we to sign? Be quick!"

Jack's friends made the poor clergyman show where we had to sign; and we all did it in a desperate hurry, the two witnesses scrawling something when their turn came and bolting at once. Jack just took me in his arms and gave me a hurried kiss. "Good-bye, dear little wife," he whispered, "good-bye;" and he was gone, leaving the clergyman and me alone together.

He—the clergyman—was a young man just out from home. He had a clear complexion, and fair hair parted down the middle, and was altogether the mildest-looking little man imaginable; his little round face just now displaying the blankest possible astonishment. "Ye husbands—loveth himself—ye wives—subject—plaiting of hair and wearing of gold—amazement," he muttered incoherently, looking from me, standing alone in my white veil and dress, to the deserted and upturned forms, and the cake towering in solemn grandeur at the end of the room. I believe he manfully intended to do his duty, if no one else did, and finish that ceremony to the bitter end; but to read that exhortation at one poor woman left all alone would have been, to say the least of it, personal; so he gave it up and shook hands, as is the practice of clergymen.

"I—I wish you every happiness, Mrs. Rushton," he stammered; then, remembering that I had just been unceremoniously deserted by my bridegroom, and not being sure whether such was the custom of the country or not, he muttered something about "sympathy;" and then, gathering his wits together with a violent effort, he burst out like Mr. Winkle: "Where are they? What is the meaning of this most indecorous behavior?"

I did not answer, but ran to the door to look out.

"What does this mean?" he repeated, following me.

"Can't you see? Can't you smell?" I answered impatiently. "It is a bush-fire."

The head station was built in a valley at the foot of a range of hills that formed a sort of semicircle behind it. They were thickly wooded with "stringy bark," and covered with fern and grass-trees, and from among them there now rose, through air already quivering with heat, a column of thick white smoke, that floated upwards in billowy clouds. The fire was near—that one could tell by the smell of burning gum-leaves; and though it could not have been burning long, it promised to be a large fire, and a fierce one, for, as we

watched, puffs of reddish-brown rose before the white smoke, showing that the flames were getting stronger.

The first set of men had disappeared over the ridge already; but Jack and his friends were only half-way up, and had stopped to cut boughs from some young saplings. They looked back, and I snatched off my veil and waved it to Jack; they returned the salute with a flourish of their branches, and then resumed their climb; while I twisted that unfortunate veil into a turban and went to the house with the bewildered parson.

We found Mr. Green giving orders for the boughs with which the veranda posts were decorated in honor of Christmas to be pulled down and all inflammable things to be put away.

"Will the fire come here?" asked the Rev. Augustus Smith anxiously.

"Not if we can help it," said Mr. Green; "but it will be hard work stopping it on a day like this, and it is well to be ready."

"If the fire don't come, the sparks will," said Biddy, whose experience of bush-fires was extensive; "and them branches is just the things to ketch."

"Yes; get them down at once," said Mr. Green, and he hurried off, calling back to his wife: "Send up some tea to the men as soon as you can."

I went to my room to change my dress, and there on the bed was my habit laid out for my homeward ride with Jack. "Dear me! how differently the day was turning out from what we expected," I thought. If it had not been for that fire, I would have been putting on my habit instead of this print morning-dress. No. On second thoughts, I decided things had happened so fast that, supposing the ceremony to have been finished properly, we would just have sat down to breakfast, and I would be cutting the cake; instead of which I went to the kitchen and cut large hunks of bread with cheese to match.

It really was a disappointing wedding day. What was the good of getting married only to lose sight of my bridegroom at once, and have to work away as if nothing had happened? And Jack, poor fellow, what a day he must be having, hard at work in the heat and dust and smoke. I felt half inclined to give in and have a real good cry; but laughed instead, for through the window I saw the Rev. Augustus working hard under Biddy's directions, taking down and carrying away the decorations put up with so much care an hour or so before.

Mrs. Green and I set to work at once

on woman's work in time of fire — boiling kettles and getting tea and provisions ready for the men — no light task in this instance, for there were thirty or forty men, and no other station near enough to share in the providing. When the first batch was ready it was taken up the hill by two of the men's wives.

Mr. Smith and I next busied ourselves in taking out and filling all the tubs in the establishment, and in them bags and branches to be used in beating, should the fire come near the house.

We paused, Mr. Smith and I, when we had done all we could, and gazing upwards, wondered what it must feel like to be before that awful fire. Even where we were, the air quivered and danced with the heat and smoke, and the baked earth almost hurt our feet. What must it be up there? we wondered. The wind had strengthened, driving the smoke across the sky; and the sunlight coming through it, shed a lurid yellow glare on all around. Behind the hill the smoke rose thicker, faster, and darker, and the deep, sullen roar of the fire could be heard. As we watched, a figure appeared on the top of the hill, then another and another, till quite a dozen were in sight. I could just make out Mr. Green with Jack and his friends beside him. They seemed to be consulting about something. More men kept coming up by twos and threes, dragging or carrying scorched branches; some flung themselves down in the nearest shade with the characteristic impulse of old hands at bush-fires to take a rest when they could get it. The rest stood or lolled in groups, evidently waiting for orders. At last the council of war on the hilltop came to an end; Mr. Green pointed along the ridge and shook hands with Jack, who with ten or a dozen men started off in the direction indicated.

We had not noticed — or, at least, I had not, for of course I had eyes for no one else while Jack was in sight — that all this time the two women had been scrambling down the hill, accompanied by a man, who turned off to the stables, while the women came down to the house, whither we followed.

"Mr. Green says will you give Jackson tea and tucker for ten men; Mr. Rushton is going over to the big range," Mrs. Brown, one of the women, was saying as we came in.

We all fell to work at once. Mr. Smith cut beef and sliced plum-pudding; while Mrs. Green and I made substantial sandwiches; Biddy hurried up the kettles; and

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones packed things up as soon as they were ready. As we worked, we asked brief questions, and got them answered still more briefly, with most aggravating interruptions at interesting points.

"Is it a big fire?"

"Yes."

"Where were they when you got up?"

"Just coming off the steep range. They had stopped the fire all along; but it got into the stringy bark and came along over their heads. Are these the bags, Mrs. Green? Yes; they had to run. It got behind Mr. Rushton and a lot of 'em. Where do you keep the clean towels?"

Imagine my feelings when at this point she dived head first into a cupboard and became deaf to questions. I can see it now, that country kitchen, fresh white-washed in honor of Christmas, with a bunch of gum-boughs hung from the ceiling by way of a fly-catcher. A good-sized room, with a roughly flagged door, just now intolerably hot, for we had a roaring fire in the large fireplace, on which two large kettles and a fountain were singing and spluttering. The window-panes were hot to the touch; plates taken from the shelves were ready warmed, and the butter was a clear, transparent oil. It certainly was warm work.

At the end of the long table stood Mr. Smith, just now with knife and fork suspended, as he gazed at Mrs. Brown, who was now intent on sorting towels.

"But — but, Mrs. Brown —" he gasped.

"What's that?" she said, emerging from the cupboard.

"How *did* they escape?"

"Oh, they come through it, of course. Here's a towel to wrap that pudding in."

I suppose, if I had had time to think of it, I would have been wretched about Jack's danger. I was anxious as it was; but we were all so busy that I had no time to fret; besides, I knew he was safe. If he had been killed or badly hurt, nothing would have hindered Mrs. Brown from telling me every detail.

I suppose we all looked hot; but poor Mr. Smith was the picture of misery, as he stood in his hot black clothes slicing beef in a temperature considerably above a hundred degrees.

"Why don't you take off your coat?" said Biddy, noticing his distress.

Poor little man; I believe he blushed furiously, but can't be sure, for it was a simple impossibility for his face to get any redder than it already was.

"Do, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Green. "I wouldn't work in a hot thing like that for anything; besides, it's real good cloth, and it's sure to get spoilt. Here, Biddy; take Mr. Smith's coat, and hang it up somewhere out of the way."

"Look sharp, sir," said Biddy, holding out her hand; "I've no time to lose."

So he had to give it up. And I think that after a while he was glad, though just at first he looked hotter and more uncomfortable than ever.

When we had packed up the provisions and seen Jackson start, we all went into the back veranda and looked up at the hill. The fire was nearer now, and the smoke was thicker; ashes and bits of burnt fern and gum-leaves were falling all around; the sun shone hotter, and the parched air seemed to scorch one's face. On the hill-top the men were cutting down branches, and evidently getting ready for a struggle.

"They are going to burn a track," said Mrs. Brown. "I expect they'd like their tucker now; they won't have time to eat when the fire comes."

"Where is it now?" I asked.

"About half a mile off; but it won't take long to come," said Mrs. Brown.

"But," said Mr. Smith, looking puzzled, "why don't they extinguish it farther off?"

"Because they can't," said Mrs. Brown. "It's in a grass-tree gully. If they were fools enough to try to stand against it, they would be shrivelled up like so much brown paper." And she went into the kitchen, where Mrs. Green and Biddy were already preparing more tea, and provisions.

All this time I had been longing to hear more about Jack; but every one had been too busy to answer questions; now I tried again.

"What?" said Mrs. Brown. "Oh, Mr. Rushton? He's not hurt; not that I know on at least. Some one got his arm burnt, but I don't think it was him" — in an aggravatingly doubtful tone. "Mrs. Jones here saw it all; I only saw them afterwards. They *did* look like sweeps, and no mistake."

"I didn't see much," said Mrs. Jones modestly; "I only see half-a-dozen men beating like mad; and all at once the fire got into the trees and come along over their heads; and they never took no notice till the sparks and things had lighted the fern behind them. Where's the sugar, Mrs. Green? Yes; they had to run for it, they did! But it was all so smoky you couldn't make out which was which. The

fern was blazing, and the burning bark was coming down like rain. If it had been up hill they had to go, not down, they wouldn't have got away, no, not one of 'em. Oh no! — Mr. Rushton isn't hurt; he's got his eyebrows singed and lost the ends off his moustaches, that's all. My husband has lost half his beard, and got a hole the size of your two hands in the back of his waistcoat.

CHAPTER II.

CONCLUSION.

"WHAT time is it?" asked Mrs. Green, when the two women had started up the hill once more. "Two o'clock? You don't say so! Well, we may as well have a bit of something ourselves. The fire will be on the top of that hill in half an hour at the rate it is coming. If they can't stop it, it will come down here, and we'll have to turn to and fight with the rest of them."

"We'll have to look out, anyways," said Biddy. "The sparks will be all over the place, with this wind, and it's not much time we'll have then to be thinking of dinner."

The children were called in; and we sat down to a picnic sort of meal, consisting of cold beef, plum-pudding, and a tart or two from the unfortunate wedding breakfast. These facts reminded me of a fact that I found hard to realize — that I was really married, and that this was my wedding day; yes, actually my wedding day! and here was I, the bride, sitting down to a demoralized sort of Christmas dinner in a hot kitchen, with a half-roasted clergyman in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs. Green in a voluminous cooking apron. And Jack? Where was he? Over a mile away, fighting the fire in heat and dust and smoke. In danger, perhaps! Oh, Jack, dear Jack! And I lost myself in loving, anxious thought, till I was roused by Biddy's voice: "My word!" she said, coming to the back door — "it's near now, roaring like anything, and they're beating like mad."

We jumped up at once and went outside. There was a fierce deep roaring rushing sound like a big bush-fire, and nothing else. The smoke hung over us thicker than ever, and like a lurid cloud kept off the sunlight, the sun itself showing through it as a dull deep crimson disc; and through the roaring and crackling of the flames were heard the sound of the branches as the men fought with all their might.

While we watched, Mrs. Brown and

Mrs. Jones came hurrying down again, bringing with them some of the eatables they had just taken up.

"They've no time to eat," said Mrs. Brown; "but they're just dried up with thirst. They want some more tea as soon as you can send it up."

"I will take it," I said.

"Pray, allow *me*," said Mr. Smith.

"Well," said Mrs. Green, "I expect Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones are tired; besides, they want their dinner."

I went in search of my shadiest hat, and the parson donned his coat — a great mistake, as it proved — and we started off, he with two buckets of tea, and I with one. Now, full buckets are awkward things to carry up a hillside at the best of times, and when they are full of tea, every drop of which you know will be precious to the thirsty men above, you get nervous, and consequently spill more. Mr. Smith started with a light heart to carry those buckets up that hill, and if his heart was heavier when he reached the top, the buckets were considerably lighter. We got on well enough at first, but soon came to a steep place, where, though our arms were aching furiously, there was no place flat enough to set the buckets down on. Then we had to sidle along the hill, and Mr. Smith had to hold one bucket higher than the other to keep it off the ground; and in spite of all his care, that up-hill bucket would keep catching on sticks and stones, and sending cataracts of steaming tea over his legs. He did not complain; but it must have been too hot to be comfortable. At last we got on to a cattle track, which made walking easier, though it had its drawbacks too, being six inches deep in soft, well-trodden dust. The condition of the parson's moist legs after two minutes' walk through this may be imagined. He sailed benignly on, however, with one long coat-tail in each bucket of tea, till I could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat."

"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "what shall I do? They *will* go in, and I can't put the buckets down, and the tea will be spoilt. Dear me! what shall I do?"

"Shall I pin them up for you?" I asked.

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Rushton, if you would," he answered gratefully.

I managed to set my bucket down and steady it with my foot while I pinned the tails of his coat together behind, so that it looked like a demented swallow-tail.

"Thank you, thank you, very much in-

deed," was all he said just then; but when we came to a place where we could set down our loads and rest, he observed, as he mournfully gazed at his muddy legs: "Really, Mrs. Rushton, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth."

At last we reached the top, and found the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before they expected. Where a track was already burnt, they stopped it easily enough; but just here they were having a hard fight. So much we learned from one and another as they stopped to swallow a pannikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tired, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with the stinging smoke. I had seen thirst before, though not quite so bad as this. Mr. Smith had not, I think, and his face grew very grave as he watched them.

"Well, parson," said one, as he drank the tea, in a voice husky and weak with exhaustion, "you're a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer."

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think; then I heard him murmur to himself: "A cup of cold water! I never knew what that meant till to-day."

When we got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this time without his coat.

"Well," said Biddy, looking after him, "he's got some pluck in spite of his coat."

"He's a brick!" said the children, and I quite agreed with them.

The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it farther on. We had dismantled the neglected breakfast table, and rearranged it with more regard for compactness than elegance, ready for the men's supper; and at last the long, hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back verandah to rest. Mrs. Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed silently upwards at the smoke that told of the fight still going on. Mrs. Brown seized a broom and proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush-fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no longer in sight, the sense of excitement and conflict we had felt all day in some degree abated. Peace-

ful home sounds—the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the bail-yard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of teaspoons in the kitchen—contrasted strangely with the lurid glare of the smoky sunlight and the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum-tree close by were a crowd of magpies that had flown screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of paroquets whizzed shrieking overhead.

I paid little attention to Mrs. Brown's conversation, but fell to thinking—of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with her buckets of milk, and Mrs. Green came out and called the children in to tea. They came scampering in, discussing the day's events with a vivacity which put day-dreaming out of the question for the time being.

During tea, the talk was still bush-fires; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had departed to their respective homes—cottages a little distance off—and Mrs. Green and Biddy were busy preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the verandah and tried to talk the children into a calm enough state of mind for bedtime. It had been a wildly exciting day for them, and a "continual feast" as well; for they had made raids on the kitchen every now and then, carrying off their booty to be devoured in some place where there was a good view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they grew drowsy as they calmed down, and were soon ready to say good-night.

When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set; the short twilight was over, and the smouldering logs shone out like large red stars from the blackened hillside above, when I noticed a strange light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming towards us along the flat. A smouldering log must have rolled down from above and lighted the grass. "Fire! fire! just here!" I shouted.

Mrs. Green and Biddy rushed out, and took in the situation at a glance. Biddy just threw back her head, put her hands to her mouth and "coo-ee'd" loud and long.

"Get a can and wet the grass at the end of the house, Mary!" Mrs. Green called

to me as she ran round the house shutting the windows, to keep the sparks out.

"Biddy," she continued, "throw water on the roof; it's as dry as tinder."

Biddy gave one more long "coo-ee!" and seizing a bucket, fell to work; while Mrs. Green disappeared into the house, returning with the children, blinking and bewildered. Rolling them in blankets, she deposited them in the bed of a dried-up creek near the house. Meanwhile, I had been running backwards and forwards with two large watering-cans from the tubs we had filled in the morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to check the fire in its advances on the house. My task was only half finished, however, when the fire came up. I caught up a branch and called to the others for help. We beat and beat with all our might; but the wind was high and the grass long, and it seemed as if we could not keep it back. The heat was intense, and the smoke choked and blinded us; but we kept on, till I felt as if each blow would be the last, and dimly wondered what would happen when I gave in, as I must do soon.

I do not know how long we worked; it seemed hours; but I suppose it was not many minutes. All at once we heard men's voices and running feet, and a dozen strong arms were beating beside us. It was a sharp tussle; but they got it under, and were just congratulating themselves on arriving in the nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—was heard calling for help, and they saw that the fire, though turned away from the house, was making straight for the wool-shed, which stood on a slight rise a little beyond. Jack was fighting it single-handed. It seemed to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall, and the fire rushed onwards. And then I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself slowly and painfully coming back to life in my own little room. At first, I was only conscious of a deathly sick feeling; then I remembered that something had happened, something dreadful. What was it? Ah!—Jack. I believe I called his name aloud; and then—could it be true?—I heard his dear voice answering me, and felt his strong arms and his kisses on my face. It was no dream, but Jack himself! I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. I have a dim remembrance of hearing some one say, "She'll do now;" then the door shut and we were alone. I had my arms round his neck, and clung closely to him, unwilling to loose my hold even to look up at his face.

"Hush, Mary," he said — "hush, my darling. I am here, safe and sound. Look up, dear, and see for yourself."

At last I did look up. Could that be Jack? It looked more like a badly blacked Christy minstrel. "Why, Jack!" I cried, "you are as black as a ——" and I paused for want of a simile.

"A kettle?" he suggested. "Come, little woman, don't call names. I fancy there's a pair of us," he added, looking laughingly at me.

Of course I sat up at once, and looked towards the glass to see what was the matter, and this is what I saw — Jack kneeling by the side of the couch, looking like a sadly dishevelled sweep, for one of his shirt-sleeves was burnt off to the shoulder, and he was more or less black all over; while his eyes were red, and his teeth, displayed just now by a broad grin, shone like a negro's from beneath the singed and stubby ends of what had once been his moustache. As for me, my light cotton dress was ornamented by sundry prints of a human hand in black, while round my waist was a broad band of the same hue. My left cheek was one dark smear; while on the other, as well as on my forehead and lips, were numerous rough but unmistakable impressions of Jack's moustache.

It was no use trying to be sentimental under the circumstances, so I laughed instead, to Jack's relief, for he had a man's hatred of scenes.

"How did you escape?" I asked. "I thought I saw the fire go over you."

"Why, so it did," he answered. "When I found I could not stop it, I lay down, and let it go over me."

"Oh, Jack! you must have been hurt."

"Well, I found it rather warm, certainly; and I am afraid my clothes have suffered. There, there, little wife; don't cry like that." The thought of his danger had been too much for me. "I am quite safe, thank God. I don't think I am seriously damaged, though my complexion is a little spoiled for the present."

He stayed talking a little while, and then had to rush back to his task. They had just managed to save the wool-shed, but a good deal of fencing had gone. The worst of the fire was over, but it needed watching.

Next morning, a rather dilapidated but very happy bride and bridegroom started on their homeward way, after saying goodbye to a still more dilapidated parson, and being honored with three very husky cheers from all hands.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

I.

To begin with the expected quotation, "Give me the making of the people's songs, and I care not who makes the laws." This saying has been a thousand times quoted, but not always, perhaps, in a sense accordant with its author's meaning. He may have meant that the man who makes the people's songs can make or unmake the law-makers; and if that was the assertion, no doubt there was a great deal of truth in it. But the poet has always given himself a higher place than he assigns to the legislator; legislation is merely a function of what we call magistracy; and beyond that there are vast fields of influence more fertile and more lasting. Yet whatever "Fletcher of Saltoun" may have intended by the saying he is best remembered by, it is true that for a long stretch of time ballad-makers and song-writers were the only inspirers and spokesmen of the people in affairs political. It was they who gave voice to popular criticism, popular discontent, popular rejoicing; every mood of passion being embodied with a condensation of force and feeling to which the raiillery or the sadness of music added its own irresistible significance. The tract for the few who could read, the song for the many who could not. That was the order of things till about the time when it was no longer necessary to distinguish one shop from another by hanging a sign from the door. Then began the reign of the public journal; and soon afterwards Fletcher's saying was superseded by another less romantic and more unequivocal. Now it was said that the one almighty engine of power was the press.

This we still hear; but it is pretty well understood on all hands that there is not so much truth in the pretension nowadays as there used to be. But if the influence of the press is less vigorous, less sweeping and immediate than at some periods of the present century, it is not because it works in a shrunken sphere, or has lost its freedom, or speaks with fewer voices. In our own time the number of newspapers and newspaper readers has increased at a prodigious rate. When a certain journal was founded on plans of mine and under my guidance, and even when that journal had achieved a considerable notoriety, the whole issue of the London newspaper press of an evening did not amount to twenty thousand copies; I doubt whether

it amounted to fifteen. Just before then the evening press — which was prosperous enough in the early years of the century — had suffered so grave a decline that it had almost gone out of existence; though meanwhile the morning press had increased largely, both in volume and in power. One or two evening newspapers had died out altogether, these including the cheapest and by no means the least attractive from any point of view. Whether more than one evening journal survived at that period I forget; but, according to report, the one that had gone on from the year 1803, and still goes on with a great accumulation of patronage, did not sell a thousand copies when my little paper was started in 1866; but then the price of the octogenarian was three times what it is now. At the present day, seven evening papers are published in London, and the aggregate sale of them every afternoon cannot fall short of three hundred thousand copies in the duldest times, and is probably much larger even when no great excitement occurs to double the number. The difference is enormous, and it is not accounted for by any diminution in the sale of morning papers. On the contrary, the aggregate circulation of these journals has expanded vastly, while some additions have been made to their number. There are local journals in existence — parish journals, so to speak — with a larger circulation than some of the greater London newspapers enjoyed thirty years ago; and though these are published weekly for the most part, they must still be reckoned in. So likewise must the cheap weekly journals devoted to general news and the discussion of public affairs, which distribute hundreds of thousands of sheets all over the country from London, where before they printed tens.

When we turn from this spectacle of journalistic advancement to the provincial press, the multiplication of newspapers and newspaper reading appears yet more of a prodigy. Not many years since, nearly the whole of the country was supplied with morning newspapers from London. Here and there, indeed, some very respectable prints were published daily in the great provincial towns; but they were comparatively few, and none were regarded by their readers as of much authority. Some weight the best of them may have had, but, taken generally, it may be said of them without injustice that, in relation to the great London journals, they stood in much the same position as the local metropolitan papers stand

to the same prints to-day. All that has changed. The greater London journals are still the best, not only in these islands but in the world. Not that they are the best in every particular. They are not better written, not so well written, on the whole, as some French and some German journals. Judged by literary standards alone, the finer qualities of political discussion are more constantly found in half-a-dozen foreign newspapers than in any that are published at home, where we lack the terseness, the clearness, the brilliancy of expression, the weight of intention, which frequently adorn and invigorate the work of Continental journalists. The difference is yet more clearly seen, perhaps, in some other departments of criticism — dramatic criticism for example. But when other qualities are taken into account — knowledge, independence, scope and variety of information — the London newspapers are unequalled.

Nevertheless, the difference between them and the bettermost provincial papers is diminishing at a rapid rate, and is likely to become inconsiderable before many years are past. As it is, the citizens of Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other great towns have no such need of a *Times* or a *Standard* as they had in the last generation; especially as their own papers supply them not only with abundant general news and the comment of good writers, but with a daily budget of information useful for local business which cannot be found elsewhere. It might be supposed, therefore, that the circulation of newspapers published for the country at large (as the greater London prints are) would become narrowed; that, at any rate, its expansion would be sensibly checked, and of course it is impossible to say how much it has been limited to the home counties by provincial rivalry. But the point for observation is that the London press speaks by hundreds of thousands of mouths more than it did five-and-twenty years ago, though meanwhile a dozen daily prints have risen to distinction in as many great cities, and perfectly satisfy nine-tenths of their inhabitants.

I say a dozen, speaking of the more important of them only. But if we look for a moment to the statistics of newspaper progress, we shall see that, whereas no more than twelve daily journals were printed in the United Kingdom fifty years ago, the total number is now a hundred and eighty; and the whole circulation of the twelve, *Times* included, did not nearly

equal the sale of two popular journals of to-day. In all, twenty-two hundred newspapers are now published, and four hundred and seventy of them are issued from London alone—a greater number than sufficed for the whole population of the three kingdoms at the time of the Corn-law agitation.

II.

AFTER glancing at these figures, we may proceed to ask whether it is true that while the scope of newspaper influence has widened so prodigiously it has become less powerful? There are reasons why we should hesitate to say that it has, and many considerations must be taken into account before answering the question. One thing, however, seems clear without much argument. The influence of newspaper writing in political affairs has not increased proportionately with its scope, or anything like it. The public journals have a million readers where they had only a few thousands at the beginning of the century; but it is doubtful whether they have as much power over the public mind or the conduct and decision of affairs. To speak my own mind frankly, I question whether a single journal—the *Times*—had not more authority of that kind in the days of Palmerston than the whole body of the press exerts at this moment. At any rate, the condition of things has changed so much that there are strong reasons for thinking so, even apart from this important fact: down to Palmerston's time the machinery of government was more limited, more compact, more capable of being influenced immediately by any single powerful agency than in these days of diffused and confused authority. It is something to the purpose, too, that the discussion of public affairs proceeded upon simpler lines than it does now; simpler, fewer, and more direct. Social problems were as numerous in the egg, no doubt; but they were in the egg. Of course I mean that for the most part they were in this condition. That extremely baleful creature, the faddist, had not arisen to start cross-currents of perversity in every stream of political action. The "questions of the day" were much less confused, presenting themselves to all concerned—public, press, and ministers alike—with fewer complexities of consideration than have since been introduced into the whole range of public affairs. Obviously this was a great advantage to the journalist, whose business it is to go straight to the main points of the question

in hand, and who is lost if he has to run into a dozen "side issues" after as many several packs of readers.

That, however, is but one thing. A more obvious reason for suspecting that the influence of the press has declined is that the multiplication of clamorously competitive newspapers has ended in a babel more tiresome than impressive, so far as the general reader is concerned. It is needless to dwell upon that point. Evidently, where one voice speaks with a more sonorous eloquence and a more commanding authority than all the rest, there will be eager listeners, and by such a voice the majority may be persuaded. But when twenty preachers at Paul's Cross are working away at once, expounding four different doctrines with a nearly equal noise and with no vast preponderance of ability in any pulpit, the case is altered. One Mr. Gladstone, one Lord Randolph Churchill, one Mr. Chamberlain always on the platform might be not only interesting but weighty. But what if there were ten of each, all a-shout every day? It may be a mistake, but I do not think the influence of the ten would be as great as the influence of the one.

When the *Times* was most mighty as a political force, there were fewer journalistic pulpits in London, and fewer still (by comparison) in the rest of the country. But that is not all. At that date the journalistic pulpits were filled by men of singular ability. The papers were not written as well as they are now; the rugged force of them was vastly too rugged; but they were commanded by men with remarkable gifts for the business. There has been no great government without a great man in it, and there never will be. Making all due allowance, it is the same thing in the newspaper office as in the Cabinet. Ten men of high and equal ability in either place are not equal to nine mediocrities and one man of transcendent genius. It would be so, probably, if the mediocrities remained on their original level; but it is the privilege of genius—as in the case of the inspired artisan—to draw from inferior tools a capability which their very makers might marvel at. Though he works in a lower sphere, much the same qualities are needed in a newspaper editor as in a minister of state; and the same law of nature provides that they shall be as rarely found in the one as in the other. Ability? there is no lack of it in any walk of life. Genius? Quite another thing.

Now it happens that the *Times* was very lucky in this particular; though in saying

that we are attributing to luck, perhaps, an advantage that was largely due to proprietorial discrimination. But however that may be, the *Times* in its younger days had the good fortune to be served in succession by two or three men with as complete a genius for their calling as any British statesmen that can be named. Two, at any rate, came very near together: Mr. Barnes and the late Mr. Delane. According to all that can be gathered in this humble field of inquiry, the equal of either was Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, which in his time was the most powerful journal of the day. But Mr. Perry seems to have had no successor of equal parts; and by-and-by the influence of the *Morning Chronicle* waned to a shadow, though it could never have boasted a more brilliant or more capable staff of writers than towards the end of its days. It was from the genius, the personality of Mr. Barnes that the extraordinary power of the *Times* first sprang—or so I make out; and it was confirmed and extended to its utmost point by Mr. Delane. This gentleman had not his equal in Europe during the whole of a long career; nor has any one neared him since. He was not a very capable writer in the literary sense, I believe; but I have seen letters of his, fifteen or twenty lines long, with the whole pith of a policy in each, together with full suggestions for its complete development. I speak without exaggeration, but not without a return of the wonder (being in the same line of business myself) with which I viewed those amazing little papers of instruction. Now the clearness of view; the firm, pouncing grasp; above all, the prompt discernment of essentials which these briefs betrayed, are amongst the most useful of all editorial qualities. But there are others much more rare and not so easily accounted for. Just as there are men who are able to tell before they lift their heads from their pillows of a morning which way the wind is blowing, so there are a few, apparently, who without moving a mile from home, or talking with a dozen men, or any ravening study of private letters and public journals, feel in themselves every change and portent of change in the current of common thought. "Feel it in themselves;" that is probably the account of it which they would render, with the addition that, though for a while they hesitated to rely upon their own barometrical indications, experience soon gave them a confidence that was rarely disturbed by mistake. To the statesman this is an invaluable quality. Without it his wisdom

is sorely crippled; indeed, it is doubtful whether any minister can become truly great and successful in a country like ours if this one little gift of genius has been denied him. It is of precisely the same importance to the newspaper editor; and no newspaper editor ever had it in greater fulness or more perfect readiness than Mr. Delane, though one or two of his predecessors seem to have shared it largely.

It appears, then, that the power of the press depends in some degree on the presence in journalism of one or two really great journalists; and it does so for this reason, amongst others too obvious to need mentioning. None are more strongly impressed by a man of that sort than the sensitive brethren of his craft. His influence is felt not only by the little group of scribes his colleagues, but in every newspaper office in the kingdom; and, by the strength and warmth of it, raises the power of the whole machine. No half-dozen merely able, though very able, editors, such as the newspaper press may boast of now, can do as much; and there has been no genius of an editor in England since the decline of Mr. Delane. In the north there was one at about the same time, Mr. Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*; he, too, dead these many years.

Here, then, are some good reasons to account for a diminished "power of the press" in public affairs, and at least one other may be added. In the fresh heyday of newspaper influence, it used to be said with half-humorous exaggeration that the press had superseded Parliament. It might be averred with equal truth nowadays that the platform is superseding both. These changes naturally accompany the shiftings of political power from plane to plane. What we see, at any rate, is daily resort to "the stump" by men who knew little more of it a few years ago than its contemptuous designation. Public meetings and public speeches are now believed to have more influence over the common mass of opinion and sentiment than any similar machinery; and much may be said in favor of the belief. For one thing, the multiplication of news-sheets means a multiplication of speech-reporters; and the reporters no longer scribble for a few thousand readers, but for hundreds of thousands. The political great man who, at small expenditure of time, speeds to some provincial capital and there lifts an audience five thousand strong into a state of high sympathetic enthusiasm, does a good night's work. But the full extent of it appears next morning, when his words

are printed in scores of newspapers and scanned by millions of readers in every part of the country. With so many fine orations to read, all hot from the lips of the most knowing and distinguished politicians, what more natural than that editorial remark should fall flatter than it used to fall on the public mind? This much is certain, at any rate: the babel is increased; it is increased enormously; and those who listen to its noise must naturally incline to exhaust their attention on its more authoritative voices, which have the further advantage of a distinct and engaging personality behind them.

This brings us in view of another change of habit which tells in the same direction: the contribution of signed articles to reviews like that in which these pages appear. Just as men of the highest authority and the highest station speak to the public from the platform as they rarely condescended to do in times past, so they take pen in hand and write straight for the press under their own names. Others, below the rank of statesmanship, but known men of weight, do the same thing. The advantages and disadvantages of "signed articles" we may discuss later on. Here we may simply note that attention is more immediately and closely drawn to these papers (by personal interest and curiosity) than to writing of equal or superior merit published anonymously. That kind of writing, indeed, they help to put into the shade; except where its authorship is pretty well known, and known to be worthy of regard.

There are other things to account for a decline which I for one do not doubt, though it will probably be denied by men quite as capable of judging of the matter. But if we look to the press itself, I think we shall detect in it a consciousness of lost influence in political affairs, or, at any rate, of a less eager attention to its political discussions and debates. With here and there an exception — almost always in the case of journals in the hands of ardent, independent politicians who address themselves to a limited though influential set of readers — there is an obviously diminishing dependence on political commentary for a hearing; or perhaps I should say, for customers. On the other hand, there is a fast-widening, a contented, and even a glorified dependence on the common taste for gossip, and especially for gossip of the "personal" kind. It is conceded by many practitioners in the press that the discussion of public business has become very much of a bore, and must

give way to a lively demand for matters of "human interest;" an interest which culminates in curiosity about the private affairs of other people. But of course that is not all. The change is accounted for in other ways. A greater variety of interests, a greater extension and division of curiosity — so natural to the growth of a community like our own — explains it in considerable measure. But while the able editor perceives that he is expected to deal nowadays with a multiplicity of unimposing but not always unimportant interests and excitements, it is obvious that he sees something else. He understands that there is a more languid demand for political dissertation. He is aware of a dwindling attention when he enters upon these matters, and acknowledges it by the perfunctory discharge of an habitual business. It does not "tell" as it used to do, and therefore the heart is taken out of it very considerably, even where there is as much desire as ever there was to convince or persuade. This appears, I think, in the whole body of modern journalism; though of course I speak generally, and with little expectation of assent from a newer generation unconscious of a difference which is likely to be blurred in the fading memory of an older one. But we have all heard of the "thunders" which not very long ago reverberated from the less crowded spaces of the journalistic sky, and how tremendous were their effects. It is all true; and true that — very much because of the crowded spaces — no such effects are now produced by any such artillery. This may be said, I hope, without suggesting a wish to disparage the many vigorous, alert, and capable men employed in journalism, and doing their work with both hands. There is no lack of such men, thanks to a variety of circumstances about which we may have a word to say later on; but nobody can be more conscious than themselves that the spirit of the most learned and eager professor flags in a very much "mixed" and inattentive classroom.

And yet there is an influential newspaper press, though not much of it at present. Lately come into existence, it flourishes because a great number of men have been suddenly dragged out of complete ignorance by compulsory schooling, and so have been brought to a keener sense of the poverty and squalor they were born to, while at the same time they have been admitted to a large and all but commanding share of political power. Here we have what is called "a new public" — an entirely new and uncultivated field for

newspaper teaching and newspaper influence. Eager, deeply interested, easily impressed, and quite uncritical, these thousands of half-awakened minds are readily worked upon by the friend of humanity who, in all the august authority of print, exhorts them to right their wrongs and teaches them how to revenge their distresses. The right or the wrong of that endeavor is not our present business. Enough to mark that here we find a far greater "power of the press" at this moment than anywhere else in England. For it need not be said that the influence of which we speak depends more upon the receptivity of the minds it is applied to than upon the activity of those who exert it. But here there is more of activity, far more eagerness, daring, and ingenuity, than can be found in any other field of journalistic effort; and it works on a multitude of fresh minds eagerly receptive of their doctrine. So here in London we may have a great old-established newspaper, with hundreds of thousands of readers; hard by, a second; not far off, a third; and the actual moving influence of all three shall not exceed that of a fourth with a much smaller circulation than either. I believe that to be the case at the present moment, and that in due time the consequences will become plain enough; not in surface matters of art, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but in much that underlies the whole superstructure of government and society.

The decline of the influence of the press in political affairs (and we are dealing with nothing else just now, be it remembered) may be seen, I think, in the growing disregard of governments to its many voices. Abroad it is a very different thing. There they are at another stage of "modern progress" in these matters. But here in England comparative indifference to the confused thunders of the press naturally follows upon observation of its waning power over the public mind as a whole. It would be absurd, of course, to say that newspaper comment has not a considerable influence upon governments still; but if we were to inquire we should probably learn that it does not move them as much as it did, or in quite the same way. How to explain it except by pointing to the greater mass of society I hardly know; but it certainly seems that though, for the most part, ministers "go about" more than their predecessors of the last generation, they are far less sensible of what we have called the currents of common

thought and feeling. They are too much men of the closet, perhaps. But whatever the explanation, it may be said with truth that there is a remarkable deficiency in ministerial circles of what we have noted as specially characteristic of Mr. Delane. Lord Palmerston seems to have shared the gift largely. It came out rather strikingly at one point of Sir Robert Peel's career; and it was not wanting in the Duke of Wellington, who, though he may be described as hidebound, had no ink in his blood. As for the later generation of statesmen, they may be quite as wise, far more rich in general information, far more laborious and thoughtful; but they seem in most cases to be quite out of the common current of thought and sentiment, and to be less capable than inferior men of feeling in themselves its changes and portents of change. Nor in the case of statesmen in office is this insensibility corrected by their immediate associations, or by those to whom they commonly resort for advice. No set of men engaged in public affairs is worse qualified to render it than the order of persons exemplified in permanent officials. Facts they know, or as many as should properly be found in pigeon-holes; as to hearts and minds and "that sort of thing" they are equally ignorant and contemptuous. In this state of affairs, newspapers are very useful to cabinets, and bring an appreciable influence to bear on them. If ministers are less often disturbed by a press-created public opinion they are frequently moved by a press-revealed public opinion. They gather from the newspapers what the intelligent foreigner goes gleaning for in the same field, and what as Englishmen, with the common blood of the country running in their veins, they ought to have found as a natural deposit in their own minds. The relations of press and government, how far they go, how far they should go, and so forth, is, however, a subject which must be reserved for another article.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

From The Contemporary Review.
MATTHEW PRIOR.

PRIOR's poems, even the best of them, have been somewhat neglected of late years; it is therefore especially fortunate that they have now found an editor in the author of "Old World Idylls." No other writer is so well qualified to speak of the

vers de société by which Prior's fame will ever be kept alive as Mr. Austin Dobson; and, as might be expected, the volume of "Selected Poems," which he has prepared for the Parchment Library, is one that will be treasured by all lovers of books that please on account both of the value of their contents and of the beauty of their outward form. Besides an excellent introduction, there are valuable notes, and an etching of Prior taken from a painting by Dahl. Mr. Dobson has had the benefit of access to an account of Prior, more particularly of the earlier events of his life, which was written by his schoolfellow, Sir James Montague, brother of the Charles Montague who was afterwards Earl of Halifax. The information thus obtained has enabled Mr. Dobson to correct the generally received account of several matters, as will be more fully noticed hereafter; and from clues furnished by these memoranda, and from other sources, we shall be able to add a few further details in this paper.

Matthew Prior was born on the 21st of July, 1664, at Wimborne, according to the view now generally held. A house in Eastbrook, in that town is said to have been the abode of his father, George Prior, and we are told of one or more old people who had heard of visits paid by Prior to the place. Hutchins, in his "Dorset," says that about 1727 a laboring man named Prior, of Godmanston, declared to him and others that he was Mr. Prior's cousin, and that he remembered Mr. Prior going to Wimborne to visit him. This is confirmed in a remarkable manner by the fact that a cousin of Prior's, named Arthur, who made his will in 1685, left £5 to the poor of Godmanston, county Dorset—"the parish where I was born." This proves that part of the family, at any rate, lived near Wimborne. The entries in the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, only add to our uncertainty. In one place Prior is called "Matthaeus Prior, Middlesexiensis, filius Georg. Prior generosi, natus infra Winburne in praedicto comitatu," but "Middlesexiensis" is, it appears, an alteration from "Dorcestr.," made by a later writer. In another place, Prior entered himself as of Dorset, and in yet another he is described as of Middlesex. The registers at Wimborne have been searched without result; but probably Prior's parents were Nonconformists. We are told that before a Dissenting Chapel was built in the town, the people met for worship in a barn in the neighboring hamlet of Cow Grove. To this Prior

seems to allude in his "Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd:"—

So at pure Barn of loud Non-Con,
Where with my Granam I have gone, etc.

Several Wimborne names are to be found in the list of subscribers to the 1718 edition of Prior's poems, and we may assume without much fear of error that he was at least born in or near Wimborne. The best-known local tradition is that attaching to a copy of Raleigh's "History of the World," in the curious collection of chained books still to be seen in the library of the minster. A hole has been burned through about a hundred pages of the "Raleigh," and it is said that the damage was caused by a spark from a taper used by young Prior while reading this truly monumental work. On examination, however, it would seem more probable that the hole, which is a regular circle, was made by a poker or other heated instrument; for a spark would almost inevitably have set the book in flames. And what is more important, the collection of books to which this "Raleigh" belongs was, it seems, given to the town in 1686, many years after Prior had left Wimborne. We fear, therefore, that the tradition must be abandoned.

While Prior was very young, his father, who is described as a joiner by some writers, came to London, and died not long afterwards. Letters of administration were granted by the Court of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to a grandfather on the father's side, of a George Prior, late of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in April, 1669; but this George Prior was a minor, and a bachelor, and can, therefore, hardly have been Prior's father. Still less claim can be made out for a George Prior, of Highgate, gentleman—Prior, it will be remembered, was called "filius Georg. Prior generosi"—who died in 1675, leaving property at Tottenham. His wife, Dorothy, died in the same year; but they had no son Matthew, though curiously enough, as we learn from her will, Mrs. Prior was in the habit of calling her daughter Martha, "Matt." George and Dorothy Prior were married in 1624, and in the license, George was described as "gentleman, of St. Bartholomew-by-the-Exchange, London," and Dorothy as daughter of Thomas Wilkinson, of Tarndon, Chester.

Fortunately Prior had a kind uncle, who became a second father to him. This uncle was perhaps the Prior referred to by Pepys in his "Diary" for February 3, 1660. "We took him (Roger Pepys) out

of the Hall to Prior's, the Rhenish wine-house, and there had a pint or two of wine and a dish of anchovies." This Rhenish wine-house was in Cannon (then Channel) Row, Westminster, and Prior refers to the matter in his "Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.," which was written about 1689. His uncle, it will be seen, was then dead.

My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contrived me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.

It has generally been said that Prior's uncle kept the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross, and it appears that Samuel Prior (who has been supposed to be the poet's uncle, and who was probably the son of a Samuel Pryor, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who died in 1662) was landlord of that house from 1685 to 1688. Of course he may have been proprietor both of the Rhenish Wine House and of the Rummer Tavern; both are mentioned in a couplet in "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse." But Sir James Montague, in his memoranda, connects Prior's uncle with the Rhenish Wine House, and Mr. Dobson brings forward several arguments in support of this excellent evidence. The Rhenish house was a favorite place of resort with the Earl of Dorset and his friends, and there it was that Dorset found young Prior, who had apparently left school to follow his uncle's trade, reading Horace. The gentlemen were struck with the boy, and at Dorset's suggestion he was sent to Westminster to continue his studies under Dr. Busby. The admission indentures of the time, which might have given us interesting particulars of Prior and his uncle, are unfortunately missing; but we know that Prior obtained his election as a King's scholar in 1681, and no doubt he entered the school at least a year earlier. At Westminster his great friends were Charles and James Montague, and when they went to Cambridge Prior accepted a scholarship at St. John's College, in order that he might be at the same university. This was in 1683. In 1686 Prior took his bachelor's degree, and in the following year joined with Charles Montague in writing "The Hind and the Panther transversed to the story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," the wittiest of the replies to Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther." Prior, according to Sir James Montague, wrote the burlesque of the opening lines, and probably had the principal hand in this piece. There are allu-

sions showing intimate knowledge of a vintner's business.

In this year, 1687, the will of Arthur Prior, made in 1685, and already referred to, was proved by his son Laurence, the executor. It is worth printing a summary of this document, because it contains allusions to several relatives of the poet's. The testator says that, according to the custom of the city of London, one-third of his estate should go to his wife. To his "cousin Mathew Prior, now in the University of Cambridge," he left £100. He left small legacies to his sister Joane Kellaway; to Mary, and the other two children of Christopher Prior; to Joane Kellaway's children; to the poor of his native place, Godmanston; and to the hospital of Green-coates in Tuttle fields. He had already disposed of a share of the last third part of the estate upon his two daughters; to the one upon her marriage and since; and to the other, Katherine, he had lately given the £500 due to him out of his Majesty's exchequer. With this he thought they ought to be content. The residue of the estate was left to his son Laurence, who was to pay Katherine £100 in full, and moneys left by his grandmother, to make her equal with her sister Thompson. If the testator's brothers, Christopher or Thomas, were living at his decease, they were to have £10 each. Not the least interesting thing about this will is the fact that the testator's name was Arthur. He was Prior's "cousin," and this adds some force to Sir James Montague's statement, that Prior's uncle was "Mr. Arthur Prior." Mr. Dobson, knowing that it was Samuel Prior who kept the Rummer Tavern, naturally suggests that this was written by a slip of memory; but Arthur was evidently a family name, and the keeper of the Rhenish Wine House may, after all, have been an Arthur Prior, a near relative of the landlord of the other house. Laurence, the son and executor of Prior's cousin Arthur, did not long survive his father, for his will, made in 1690, was proved early in 1691, by his mother Katherine. He left £200 to his sister Katherine, and the same sum to his nephew, James Thompson, son of his dearest sister, Mrs. Ann Thompson, deceased; and "to my cousin Mathew Prior £50, besides what I have still in my hands of the legacy left by my father."

In 1688 Prior was chosen a fellow of his college, and wrote an exercise on a verse of Exodus, which led to his appointment as tutor to the sons of the Earl of Exeter; but with the Revolution came uncertainty

for the noblemen who had supported King James, and Prior was thrown on his own resources. He not unnaturally appealed to Lord Dorset, and sent an "Epistle" to Shepherd, friend and companion of that nobleman.

The sum of all I have to say,
Is that you'd put me in some way;
And your petitioner shall pray —
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript;
My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats, while t'other's starved.

Lord Dorset procured for Prior the post of secretary to Lord Dursley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley, the newly appointed ambassador to the Hague. Thus, at the age of twenty-six, Prior commenced his career as a diplomatist, and in the year immediately following he found opportunities of securing the friendship of King William. He did not forget to publish various loyal poems; but, with one exception, they are not among those by which his name will be remembered. That exception is the "English ballad on the taking of Namur," a witty answer to Borleau's "Ode" of 1692, written when the town was retaken by the English in 1695. In "The Secretary," written in the following year, Prior describes his life at the Hague, and his departure on Saturday night "in a little Dutch chaise" to a place of rest, free from tea-parties and dull refugees; "on my left-hand my Horace, a nymph on my right." In 1697 peace was concluded, for a time, by the treaty of Ryswick. Prior acted as secretary during the negotiations, and in October he wrote to Mr. Secretary Blathwayt, reminding his correspondent that by a letter of June 16, 1694, in his Majesty's name, he had been recommended as his Majesty's secretary, and had ever since been treated by the States with all kindness. He now asked that another letter might be sent when the king pleased that he should leave Holland, so that he might have occasion to take his leave and return thanks for the favors he had received. "It would let the States see I was not wholly forgotten by my master, and entitle me to a medal." On his return, Prior was made chief secretary for Ireland; but he was soon afterwards sent to Paris as secretary to the Earl of Holland, and he acted in the same capacity under the Earls of Jersey and Manchester. A large quantity of Prior's diplomatic correspondence is still in existence, some in the public libraries, but more in private muniment rooms. Most

of the letters evidently relate wholly to public affairs, but doubtless a careful examination would disclose passages of interest to the biographer. One letter to Lord Halifax, dated August 20, 1698, commences, "My good lord and master, I have written one letter to you to congratulate you on your honors, one to condole with you, another to dunn you, and here is a fourth to thank you;" and it concludes thus: "Adieu, master, nobody respects the chancellor of the exchequer more or loves dear Mr. Montague better than his old friend and obliged humble servant, MATT."

In 1699 Prior was appointed under secretary of State, and was soon afterwards elected member for East Grinstead, and made a commissioner of trade and plantations. Official salaries in those days were, however, somewhat uncertain; and in 1703 we find Prior and the other commissioners complaining to the Treasury that their salaries were six quarters in arrear. Inquiry was ordered, and the papers were minuted, "They have as much in proportion as the other officers," which was not a wholly satisfactory reply. Prior lost his post in April, 1707, but obtained it again in July, 1710. In 1701 he failed in an application for the keepership of the records at Whitehall. In the mean time, as Sir James Montague explains, the Partition Treaty was under discussion, and Prior was made use of by William III. and Louis XIV. to convey the messages which neither monarch cared to commit to paper. When the death of the king of Spain altered the European situation, William threw the odium of the unpopular treaty upon his ministers, and a vote for the impeachment of Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, and others was carried. Prior knew that these noblemen had been kept in the dark while the negotiations were being carried on, and were therefore unjustly blamed, but he voted against them because he held that it was better that the servants should suffer than the king's credit be damaged. But his conduct not unnaturally provoked a feeling of coolness towards him in Lord Halifax.

Shortly after Queen Anne's accession Prior joined the Tories, and for a short time we hear little of him, except that he wrote some occasional poems, including pieces in celebration of the victories of 1704 and 1706, and that in 1709 he published a collection of his writings, which he apologetically described as the product of his leisure hours; for he "was only

a poet by accident." Upon the fall of the Whigs in 1710 he joined with others in establishing the *Examiner*, and in the sixth number ridiculed some lines upon Lord Godolphin, which had been written by Garth. Addison replied in the *Whig Examiner*, and complained of the "shocking familiarity both in his raileries and civilities," though he allowed that Prior had elsewhere shown "a happy talent at doggrel," and been "very jocular and diverting;" but remarks on ingratitude did not come very well from him. In the following month we have the first allusion to Prior in Swift's "Journal." On the 15th of October Swift and Prior dined at Harley's; Lord Peterborough afterwards joined the party, and they bantered each other as to the authorship of "Sid Hamet's Rod," a lampoon on Godolphin, by Swift. "Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance." A few days later Swift wrote again about the verses. "Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them." During the following weeks the poets were constantly together, dining at Harley's, St. John's, Lord Peterborough's, or an inn. On the 18th of November they dined with Erasmus Lewis at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. "Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry." On another day Swift had too much cold pie for supper at Prior's lodgings, and was so much upset that he hated the thoughts of it.

About this time the government began to negotiate for a peace with France, and in the summer of 1711 Prior, who had been made a commissioner of customs in January, was sent on a secret mission to Paris. On his return, accompanied by M. Mesnager and the Abbé Gaultier, he was arrested by mistake; and in order to pacify and mislead the public mind, which was much excited by the story, Swift published in September a relation of Prior's journey, "all pure invention," called "A New Journey to Paris." The tract purported to be a translation from the French, but it was "a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end." A few days later Swift wrote: "I find the ministry very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France." In the mean time the ministers had conferences with Mesnager at Prior's house. In November plenipotentiaries were appointed to negotiate the treaty with France, and from

Swift's "Journal" and a letter from a Jack Wiche (Prior's "old schoolfellow and friend") to Lord Strafford, it appears that Prior was named for the post—a noble advancement, as Swift said; but he wondered how so proud a nobleman as Lord Strafford would bear "one of Prior's mean birth" as his equal. Lord Strafford's objections seem to have prevailed, for Prior did not go; and in January Lady Strafford wrote: "I hear Mr. Prior is discontented and does not think the Court does well by him." But he was no doubt satisfied in August, when he was sent to France, with the position of ambassador, though he did not assume the title until the Duke of Shrewsbury returned to England.

Prior seems to have been equally popular with his royal mistress and the French king. In October he brought a letter from Louis to Queen Anne, in which the writer said: "I expect with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me;" and Anne replied: "I send back Mr. Prior to Versailles; who, in continuing to conduct himself in the manner that shall be entirely agreeable to you, does no more than execute, to a tittle, the orders which I have given him." The peace made at Utrecht in 1713 was followed by great uneasiness at home. A section, at least, of the ministry viewed with favor a return of the Stuarts, and Bolingbroke and others were in correspondence with the Pretender. In March, 1714, Prior wrote to Bolingbroke urging him not to give way to chagrin, but to do his duty in spite of enemies. He himself had more than his share of trouble and apprehension, considering the whimsical circumstances of his fortune, and the uncertain situation of his affairs. They must bear the importunity and impertinence of the world or go into retreat at Bucklebury or St. John's College. Retreat should be made "as late as ever we can." Writing on Good Friday, in reply to a letter from Bolingbroke complaining of illness, Prior exclaimed, "Good God! in case of an accident, what is to become of us all? And, as I hinted to you, what is to become particularly of your poor friend and servant, Mat, in all cases?" Prior often uses the phrase "Mat and Harry" in these letters, and Bolingbroke, who addressed him as "Dear Mat," assured him that no man loved him better than he, or was with greater sincerity his faithful servant. In May, Prior inquired whether the report that he would soon be recalled was true. It might look like a bagatelle,

but what was to become of a philosopher like him? he was, too, plenipotentiary, and ought not to appear neglected and forgotten by his mistress. M. de Torcy spoke of writing to "Robin and Harry" about him, but God forbid that he should need foreign intercession. It was reported that he was to go to Baden, or be added to the commissioners for settling the commerce. "My lord, you have put me above myself, and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy." A few days later he wrote again: "It is a long time, my lord, that I have practised to dissemble, under a face not handsome, but seemingly pleased enough, a heart melancholy enough."

The death of the queen frustrated Bolingbroke's plans, and the Whigs returned to power. Prior remained at Paris for a time, but his position was an awkward one. The author of a Whig pamphlet, published soon after the ascension of King George, and written in imitation of Arbuthnot, alludes incidentally to Prior's early life: "Matt. Spindleshanks, the tavern-boy, is in a strange quandary, whether he should return home or stay at old Savage's. It is noted for excellent air in consumption, and 'tis very probable that Matt., who is a little infirm, will choose it for his health's sake." There was, too, much trouble in recovering arrears of pay. In October, Prior wrote to Lord Halifax, with whom in earlier days he had been so closely connected: "I have the satisfaction to believe that you think me an honest man and an Englishman." There might be defects of pride in his mind, but he could swear to its integrity; as long as the treaties of Ryswick and Utrecht were legible he might as well be thought a Mahometan as a Jacobite. Since coming to France he had had no advance money or allowance stated by Privy Seal, but always, by a verbal power, drew upon the lord treasurer. He hoped that bills would soon be paid, and begged that "our old fellow collegiate and my Fidus Achates, Mr. Richard Shelton," might retain the commissionership of stamps given him by Lord Oxford, and that Mr. Drift, who had been with him as secretary eighteen years, might keep his place of first clerk or under secretary in the Plantation Office, where he had been fourteen years, and had been carefully trained by Prior while he was in that commission and afterwards. "I have troubled you with a book rather than a letter, but you must remember I have the silence of a great many years to

atone for; and a good many things, as you see, to ask." In response to directions that he must live in less compass, Prior wrote that he had lived like an ambassador—not that he took pleasure in it, for it was only an encumbrance—but for the honor and dignity of the nation. Halifax replied that he had done him all the good he could, and that the king had directed that Prior's allowance as a plenipotentiary, from the first of August to the first of December, was to be paid immediately, and that debts incurred during the late reign would be paid in due course. In the mean time Lord Stair was sent as ambassador to Paris, and Prior's papers were seized; but, as he said, he would have been arrested if he had tried to leave Paris without paying his debts. At last the money came. "It will," wrote Halifax, "be a great pleasure to me in particular, to hasten your return from an unhappy station to your own country and friends, in which number I desire you will rank me." When Prior reached England in March, it was only to be arrested by order of the House of Commons, and in June, upon Walpole's motion, he was impeached, and remained in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. It was no doubt hoped that he would give information against Bolingbroke, whose instrument, to some extent at least, he had been while in Paris. He was invited to dinner at Walpole's, and Bolingbroke fled on the night that he heard of the entertainment. But Prior did not betray his friend. From the Treasury papers we learn that the speaker acquainted the sergeant-at-arms that Prior, being committed for no offence, ought to pay no fees while in custody, and that the chancellor of the exchequer ordered the sergeant to apply to the Treasury for satisfaction. The sergeant often waited on Prior, in walking out for his health, and he was duly recompensed by the Treasury. Prior was specially excepted from the Act of Grace passed in 1717, but was soon afterwards released. He had occupied his leisure in writing "Alma," but he had nothing to rely upon, save his fellowship, which he had prudently kept even in his prosperity, though he had given the emoluments to another. It would, he had remarked, procure him bread and cheese at the last. In 1718 his friends arranged for the publication by subscription of a two-guinea edition of his poems in folio, and the work brought in four thousand guineas. Lord Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of Down Hall, in Essex, and there Prior spent the remainder of his

days, varied, however, by visits to friends' houses, and to St. John's College. He has left an amusing ballad about his first visit to Down Hall, in company with John Morley, Lord Harley's agent. The description of the ride, and the gossip with the landlady of the Bull at Hoddesdon, make this poem one of the cleverest and most entertaining of all Prior's pieces.

Swift took considerable trouble in procuring subscribers to the edition of Prior's poems, and we have several letters which passed between them. Prior complained of a cough, which he thought would be his for life. If Swift should visit London (this was written in July, 1717), he must come at once to Duke Street, where he would find a bed, a book, and a candle. The "brotherhood" was extremely scattered, yet three or four sometimes met and drank to their absent friends. In more prosperous days the "weekly friends" who met at "Matthew's palace," "to try for once if they can dine on bacon, ham, and mutton chine," had included Oxford, "humble statesman;" and "Dorset used to bless the roof." In a letter of September, 1718, Prior said he coughed, but was otherwise well. He found the greatest pleasure in the conversation of his old friend, Dr. Smalridge. From a letter of Swift's, dated April 28, 1719, we learn that copies of Prior's poems were not yet delivered to the subscribers; "your bookseller is a blockhead for not sending them." Swift had hoped to see Prior; but had now resolved to try the more lazy method of Irish country air. Prior replied, regretting that he should not see Swift; a cough was worse than the spleen, with which he thought Swift was troubled. "My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's scrivener down to John and Jacob, Mr. Hyde only excepted." In December he was again at his "palace" in Duke Street, Westminster. All subscribers had now been supplied, and they had "ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author." His lungs were weak; but he had a very good heart. In May, 1720, he complained of deafness; he did not take care of his ears till he knew if his head were his own or not. In February, 1721, he wrote that he had been ill that winter. Age was coming on, he said, and the cough did not diminish. He was tired of politics, and had lost in the South Sea mania. In April he was again in London. Matters ecclesiastical as well as civil were, for the most part, he wrote, a complication of mis-

takes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it. "Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu." This is the last letter; on the 18th of September Prior died of fever at Wimpole, Lord Harley's seat. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, and a monument, for which he had left £500, was erected to him, with a long Latin inscription by Dr. Freind.

Bolingbroke wrote to Swift, some months later, that he had heard of Prior's death, and that he was sorry their "old acquaintance Matt." lived so poor as Swift represented. Bolingbroke thought that a certain lord had put him above want; he surely might have managed things better with his young patron. It is evident that Prior was often travelling with Lord Harley; but when at Down Hall he amused himself by improving the grounds. For such an end he had professed to wish in lines written as early as 1700:—

Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down and think, and die in peace.

In his will he says: "It has pleased God for some years past to bless me, his unworthy creature, with a greater share of health than I could have expected from the tenderness of my native constitution or the fatigues and troubles of life which I have undergone." He appointed Lord Harley and Adrian Drift, his secretary and friend, executors. The only relative mentioned, his "well-beloved and dear cousin, Catherine Harrison," was to have £100 for mourning.* An annuity was to be bought for Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, a woman,

* Prior had a connection, Robert Prior, who was admitted into St. Peter's College, Westminster, in 1710, at the age of fifteen, and was elected to Cambridge in 1713. In the indenture of his admission to Westminster, Robert is described as the son of William Prior, born in London; and in the entry of his admission into Trinity College he is called a Hertfordshire person. Bolingbroke wrote to Prior in July, 1713, that he had endeavored to send "a very pretty lad, who wears your name, and, therefore, was entitled to my very best services, to Christ Church," but he had been thwarted by Bentley, the master of Trinity, who picked out the boy as his first option. Prior answered, "I am obliged to you very particularly for your care of my friend Prior. I cannot imagine how you came to know that snudging boy, for his mother is very homely. Bentley will always be an ill-bred pedant. . . . I think I shall always have interest enough at Cambridge to make his stay there easy; and if he has the continuance of your patronage, I think, too, matters cannot go so ill but that in four years we may set him adrift in the world." Probably this Robert Prior is the same as the R. Prior, who was editor of a volume published in January, 1730, with the title "Lusus Westmonasteriensis. Being a collection of epigrams, declamations, etc., spoken occasionally by the Westminster Scholars."

we are told, from whom friends thought him fortunate in being emancipated, even by death; and after the payment of some other legacies, the residue was to go to Adrian Drift and Mrs. Cox equally. His papers were left to his executors, and towards the close of 1739 a volume called "A History of His Own Time," with the date 1740 on the title-page, was published, purporting to be by Prior. Probably, however, he had little hand in the materials thus collected. Henage Legge wrote to Lord Dartmouth that the book was only a trick of the booksellers; Drift had been dead many years, and all Prior's papers were in the hands of Lord Oxford (Lord Harley had now succeeded to the earldom), who was extremely angry at such an imposition on the world, though the publishers had had the impudence to dedicate the book to him. But the volume contains much that is of interest to the student.

Gay said that Dan Prior was "beloved by every muse;" and Allan Ramsay wrote a pastoral on his death; "Dear, sweet-tongued Matt! thousands shall greet for thee." That there were serious imperfections in Prior's character we cannot doubt. He is said to have had a fondness for low society in Long Acre, and his Chloes and Lisettas were very real persons. He was an easy-going, pleasure-loving man, popular with all he met. Leigh Hunt, having in mind the portrait often found in old editions of the "Poems," said: "I think some books, such as 'Prior's Poems,' ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face, with his cap on, is like having his company." It is not safe to place much reliance in scandalous tales about public men who lived in the days of Mrs. Manley; as Dr. Johnson, no friendly critic in this case, says: "He lived at a time when the rage of party detected all which it was any man's interest to hide; and, as little ill is heard of Prior, it is certain that not much was known." And we have the testimony of the Duchess of Portland, daughter of Lord Harley, to whom, as a little girl—"My noble, lovely, little Peggy"—Prior had addressed charming verses, that he "made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature, or animal."

Of Prior's poems those upon which he himself set most store are—as so often happens—now little known. He wrote two long poems, and he was disappointed because his friends preferred the lighter of the two. Few persons now living could,

we think, honestly say they had read the whole of "Solomon on the Vanity of the World. A Poem. In three Books." In the preface Prior admits that "it is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success. . . . It is harder for him to speak of his own writings." Out of the mass of treasure to be found in the books attributed to Solomon he here endeavored to collect and digest such observations and apothegms as best proved the assertions in Ecclesiastes: "All is vanity." He would make no apology for the panegyric upon Great Britain which he had introduced: "I am glad to have it observed that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honor of my country; and I had rather be thought a good Englishman than the best poet or greatest scholar that ever wrote." But in spite of fine rhetoric and many happy turns of thought and expression, "Solomon" is hopelessly tedious, and the author himself, in his poem of "The Conversation," makes his professing friend Damon give utterance to the general opinion:—

Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime.

"For 'Alma,'" said the same candid friend, "I returned him thanks." "Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind," was described by Prior as "a loose and hasty scribble;" but it retains its interest, to some extent at least, because we have here Prior himself, and not an eighteenth-century setting of the Old Testament. "Alma" is in Hudibrastic verse, and among the most interesting passages are the eulogies of Butler and of Pope. So far as it has any plan, it is a burlesque account of the theory that the mind moves upwards from the extremities to the head, as a man advances from infancy to old age; but the poem attracts us chiefly by the humorous passages and witty sayings with which it abounds. The style is wearisome in certain moods, and to some readers always, even as in the case of Prior's "consummate master" in this method of writing; and we cannot but feel that the poem occupies an undue amount of space in Mr. Dobson's volume. It was, however, desirable to give a specimen of the more sustained efforts of the poet, and extracts would have been inconsistent with the plan of the book. The end of the argument is characteristic. Richard Shelton, the poet's friend, tired of the philosophy, exclaims:—

Dear Drift, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Descartes, and Aristotle;
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

As Voltaire remarked, "Peut-être cet ouvrage est-il trop long; toute plaisanterie doit être courte, et même le sérieux devrait bien être court aussi;" and Prior's own lines apply to this case:—

Reduce, my muse, the wandering song;
A tale should never be too long.

Another piece, "Henry and Emma," which Johnson called "dull and tedious," but which was for long one of the best known of Prior's poems, has no place in Mr. Dobson's volume. In this effort Prior elaborated and spoilt the fine ballad of the "Nut-Brown Maid." Assuredly "Emma and the Nut-Brown Maid," are not "one," as Prior said.

But enough of fault-finding; it is not necessary to refer again to the political and loyal odes, one of which is supposed to be "in Spenser's manner," though the writer thought he could "make the number more harmonious," by adding a verse to the stanza. Prior's tales, some of which were first published as single folio leaves, are among his best works, but unfortunately the more important of them cannot now be quoted on account of their coarseness, though Johnson, when Boswell asked if the doctor would print them all in his edition of the English poets, insisted on their harmlessness. "No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library." Elsewhere he admits that one of the tales is "not over decent." But Mr. Dobson gives the admirable stories of "Truth and Falsehood," "Protegenes and Apelles," and "The Conversation," in which Damon talks much and condescendingly of the poet:—

I loved him, as I told you, I
Advised him. Here a stander-by
Twitched Damon gently by the cloak,
And thus unwilling silence broke:
Damon, 'tis time we should retire,
The man you talk with is Mat Prior.

We have, too, "An English Padlock" (printed in 1705), in which the troubled husband is advised to send his wife abroad, to see that what she, "being forbidden, longs to know," is a dull farce, "a staple of romance and lies." When, to shun these ills, she returns to her husband, let him make much of her:—

Wait on her to the park and play;
Put on good humor, make her gay;

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

When we turn to the shorter pieces, which are Prior's best, we find so great a number and variety that we hardly know which to mention. "Every man conversant with verse-writing knows," says Cowper, "and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is, of all styles, the most difficult to succeed in. . . . He that could accomplish this task was Prior." And Thackeray adds: "With due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seems to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems." Where can we match such pieces as "The Remedy worse than the Disease," or "A Reasonable Affliction," where Lubin and wife are in despair at Lubin's approaching death:—

A different cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.

Or the lines upon a lady's troubles:—

From her own native France as old Alison
passed,
She reproached English Nell with neglect
or with malice,
That the slattern had left in the hurry and
haste
Her lady's complexion and eyebrows at
Calais.

Or this epigram:—

To John I owed great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I am more than quit.

Or the lines "To a person who wrote ill, and spoke worse, against me":—

Pursue me with satire; what harm is there
in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt
print;
There may be a little from what thou may'st
swear.

In many of his love verses Prior followed the fashion of his day in using classical names, much to the annoyance of Dr. Johnson. The best of these pieces, such as the one beginning "The merchant to secure his treasure," are classical in nothing but the names, but a want of true feeling or faithfulness often deprives them of the charm which they would otherwise possess. This is the case with many of the verses about Chloe and Lisetta, and

the rest. Chloe was jealous, and her pretty face blubbered with crying; the poet expostulates against having to swear to the truth of a song: "I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose."

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree;
For thou art a girl so much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

"The Turtle and Sparrow," an "elegiac tale," written upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, may serve as a type of the bad taste which Prior sometimes showed. It is pleasant to turn from such a piece to "The Female Phaeton," in which Lady Katherine Hyde—"Kitty beautiful and young, and wild as colt untamed"—frets with rage at the restraint ordained by her wise mamma:—

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;
Kitty at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

Long afterwards, when Kitty was Duchess of Queensberry and seventy-one years old, Horace Walpole wrote:—

To many a Kitty, Love his car
Will for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age.

We have not space to quote the whole of the poem "To a child of Quality five years old," which Mr. Dobson calls "the crown of Prior's achievement;" but which, though printed as early as 1704, was not included in the subscription volume of 1718. Nothing forbids the poet writing of "dear five-years-old"—"till she can spell;" and when she grows older, too, he may write, and they will still be friends:—

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

May we not, in closing with lines written half in humor, half in sadness, "For my own monument," say that Prior has done himself something less than justice?

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtue and vice were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered
great fears,
In life party-colored, half pleasure, half
care.

Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a
slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom
agree;

In public employment industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends—lord, how
merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would
trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned
about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man
was but dust.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the
same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a
tear,
He cares not—yet prithee be kind to his
fame.

GEORGE A. AITKEN.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

TAVERNIER'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.*

DR. BALL's new edition of "Tavernier's Travels in India" will be welcomed by every student in Indian history. The last English translation, that by John Phillips, was published more than two centuries ago. Like most of the crabbed folios of the time, it is cumbersome to hold, and anything but pleasant to read. The translation is often incorrect, and all the proper names follow the old-fashioned French spelling, which few modern readers could identify unless familiar with the contemporary history and modern geography. The two handsome volumes before us form a delightful contrast. They appear in all the attractions of hot-pressed paper and clearly cut type, which in themselves are a literary luxury. The editor has availed himself of every possible advantage. His translation is made from the best French edition. The localities are identified with modern sites, and every name of place or person is repeated in modern spelling. The notes are especially valuable, being based on the editor's own local knowledge of India, or on the recent researches of Professor Charles Joret. To this must be added an excellent map of Tavernier's routes through India, and an appendix on the value of coins, weights, and measures, as well as all that the modern reader can desire in the way of explanation and illustration.

* Travels in India, by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Baron of Aubonne, translated from the original French edition of 1676, with a biographical sketch of the author, notes, appendix, etc., by V. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., in two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co.; and New York. 1889.

Tavernier was not a lawyer and diplomatist like Sir Thomas Roe; nor a French *savant* like Bernier; nor a Cambridge graduate like Dr. Fryer; nor even a well-read student like Herbert or Thevenot. But he had perhaps a larger knowledge of the every-day world than any of them. Whilst still a young man he had seen the best parts of France, England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Poland, Hungary, and Italy. Before he published his "Travels in India," he had spent a long time in Turkey, and written the most minute and lively account of the inside of the Seraglio of the great Turk at Constantinople. He also sojourned a long time in Persia, and was entertained by the shah with all the *abandon* of wine and dancing women. He was a travelling jeweller, a keen man of business, ready on all occasions to buy or sell, curious about diamond mines, and versed in all the mysteries of money, coinage, and exchange. He was a bright and intelligent rover, with all the ready humor and love of pleasure which distinguished the bagman or commercial traveller in the days of gigs and skittish horses. He liked to trade with princes and peers, but he was not to be taken in by the swagger or blandishments of impecunious or hard-fisted grandees. He never forgot that he was a Frenchman and that his king was a powerful monarch. On one memorable occasion he threatened the nawab of Bengal, the uncle of the great Aurangzeb, that his master would send a French fleet to the Red Sea and capture the rich pilgrim ships going to Mecca, and plunder the pious Mahomedan merchants who combined pilgrimage and trade, until revenge and compensation had been exacted from the Great Moghul himself.

In his old age Tavernier received a title of nobility from Louis XIV.; and a characteristic portrait, which forms the frontispiece of the present edition, has been reproduced from a French engraving of the period, which seems to photograph the plain and practical jeweller, with his sense of humor, business wrinkles, and self-satisfied consciousness of acquired nobility.

Tavernier was born in 1605, and died about 1689, at the age of eighty-four. His travels in India extended over a space of twenty-five years, beginning about 1641, when the Civil War commenced between Charles I. and his Parliament, and ending in 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London, in the reign of Charles II. Calcutta had not as yet been founded; and although the English had acquired Bombay, Taver-

nier never visited the place nor even referred to it. The East India Company had a factory, or house of agency, at Surat, the once famous port of the Great Moghul, on the western coast of India, about one hundred and sixty miles to the north of Bombay. They had another factory at Dacca, the old capital of Bengal, which was famous for muslins. Far away to the south, on the coast of Coromandel, the English had a fortress, or rather a fortified factory, known as Fort St. George. Beside it, a native town of weavers and washers was growing up, which, together with the fortress, was known as Madras. But the most famous European city in India was the Portuguese capital of Goa, which was seated on a little island off the western or Malabar coast, about half-way between Surat and Cape Comorin. Goa had been the metropolis of the Portuguese power in the East for a hundred years before Tavernier began to travel, or the English or Dutch began to settle in India. It was the emporium of their trade; the seat of Catholic Christianity in India; the pride of every European merchant and missionary in the Eastern seas.

The four great centres of interest for a jeweller like Tavernier were Delhi and Agra, the two capitals of the Moghul empire; Goa, off the Malabar coast; and Golconda, the modern Hyderabad, in the heart of the Deccan. The voyage round the Cape was an adventurous route for European ships in those days, except those which belonged to the Portuguese. Tavernier was an overland traveller, and in the first instance he appears to have accompanied a caravan through Persia and Afghanistan to the two Moghul capitals, but he tells very little about his travels through central Asia. Later on he went by ship from the Persian Gulf to Surat. Henceforth Surat was his headquarters. From Surat two routes ran northward to Agra and Delhi: one through Guzerat, *viâ* Ahmedabad; and the other through central India, *viâ* Indore and Gwalior. Other routes from Surat led south-east to Golconda and Madras, and south-west to Goa. From Agra Tavernier travelled eastward, *viâ* Patna and Benares, to Dacca, the old capital of Bengal. He thus saw more of India than any European wanderer before the late Bishop Heber; and Heber's journeys were for the most part confined to British India, for though he visited some localities in Rajputana and central India, he never went either to Hyderabad, the modern Golconda, or to Goa.

It is a strange fact that in the middle of the seventeenth century, European travelling in India was as easy as in Europe. Indeed, Tavernier did not encounter many more difficulties or dangers than Bishop Heber, excepting that as a wealthy jeweller he was more likely to be robbed than an English ecclesiastic. The Rajputs were in wholesome fear of the Great Moghul. The Mahrattas had as yet confined their raids to the western Deccan, and were kept within bounds, like the Scotch and Welsh Highlanders in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts. The Moghuls were in the zenith of their power. Within a few years, however, of the departure of Tavernier, the Moghul empire was on the wane; and during the early years of the eighteenth century, it was only held together by prestige and routine, and the payment of black mail or chout to the Mahrattas. The invasion of Nadir Shah in 1738-39, with a host of Persians, Usbeks, and Afghans, was the death-blow to the Moghul empire, but that was seventy years after the departure of Tavernier. Meanwhile, and indeed during the century and a half between Tavernier and Heber, any moving about in the interior of India was almost impossible to Europeans, whether traders or gentlemen.

Tavernier travelled over the greater part of northern India and the Deccan in a light cart with two seats, drawn by two oxen. He carried his luggage and bedding on the spare seat, and provisions and wine in a box under the cart. He moved about with as much ease as any gentleman in Europe in the days which preceded the railways, except that he hired twenty or thirty Rajput horsemen as an escort to protect him against robbers. Some of these oxen would make journeys of sixty days, at the rate of twelve or fifteen leagues a day, during which they were always on the trot. There was, however, nothing like hotel accommodation in India. Travellers of all sorts herded together with camels, horses, and other beasts of burden in caravanserais, which sometimes were huge buildings erected by princes or grandees as works of piety, but often were nothing but enclosed spaces with little huts for sleeping places. In all cases the traveller had to find his own provisions. In Mohammedan villages he could buy fowls, kids, and mutton; but in Hindu localities no flesh meat was procurable, and the traveller was compelled to fare as he best could on grain, vegetables, flour, and curries.

Travelling on the highway, rough as it

often was, was only possible in Moghul India. In the Hindu kingdoms of the remote south there were no roads whatever. Travellers were carried through jungles in palanquins, and this was the universal practice in southern India within the memory of living men. It was not until the days of the much-abused Lord Dalhousie that Europeans could travel from Calcutta to Delhi in a mail cart; and down to the day he left India there were no roads in the Madras presidency that were worthy of the name. Ladies, gentlemen, and children were carried from Madras to Bangalore and the Nilgherries in palanquins on the shoulders of coolies; and the journeys occupied nearly as many days as the railway can now accomplish in hours.

Tavernier describes Surat as a city of moderate size environed by a wall of earth. It had a poor fortress with four towers at its four angles; but the walls were not terraced, and the guns were placed on scaffolds. No one could enter the city by land or water without passing this fortress. The houses were mere barns, built of reeds and covered with clay. There were only nine or ten decent buildings in all Surat; of these two or three belonged to the governor of the port, who collected the customs; the others belonged to wealthy Mohammedan merchants; and the mansions of the English and Dutch agencies were as distinguished and imposing as any in Surat. Europeans, however, were not allowed to buy houses, but only to hire one or two on a yearly or monthly rental; as the Great Moghul or padishah was always fearful lest the building should be converted into a fortress, and set him at defiance. The Portuguese had contrived to convert factories into fortresses at Hooghly and other localities in the reign of the tolerant Akbar, before English or Dutch had tried to settle in India; and the successors of Akbar were resolved that no European should play the same game again on any pretence whatever.

The custom house at Surat was close to the fortress, and a terrible ordeal for Europeans. The Moghul officials were exacting and insulting, unless propitiated by presents. All goods landed at Surat were carried to the custom house, and carefully searched, and then subjected to a duty of about five per cent. on the estimated value. All persons were searched on landing, to prevent smuggling. Gold and silver money was taken away, melted down, and recoined with the Moghul's stamp and

superscription. Gold and jewels were sometimes smuggled ashore in the huge wigs of the period; but if discovered the offender was charged double duty. Tavernier tells a story of a ship's captain who had been mulcted for smuggling, and had taken his revenge by covering up a roast sucking pig like contraband treasure. Of course the dish was seized by the Mohammedan officials, and polluted all their garments, whilst no one ventured to complain for fear of other discoveries, which might have brought down the wrath of the padishah.

Tavernier was at Delhi in 1665, where he had some dealings in jewellery with Aurangzeb and his grandees. At Delhi he met Bernier, who had just returned with the Moghul court from a pleasant trip to Cashmere. At Delhi the two Frenchmen appear to have planned a journey to Bengal. In November, 1665, they were both at Agra, where Shah Jehan, the father of Aurangzeb, was still living as a state prisoner in his palace, and where he died the following year. From Agra the two Frenchmen went down the river Jumna to Allahabad, and then to Patna, Benares, and Dacca. Tavernier has something to say of the cities, palaces, and tombs at Delhi and Agra, and the courts of Aurangzeb and Shah Jehan; but the information he conveys has been given of late years in works dealing with history proper, and in the present article it may suffice to draw more immediate attention to the specialities of Tavernier.

Travelling in India is always monotonous. Tavernier spent his time so profitably in listening to Bernier, that he has noted but few incidents of his journey. At one place they met one hundred and ten wagons, each one drawn by six oxen, and each one carrying Rs. 50,000 in silver. The sum total was equivalent to more than six millions sterling, according to the current exchange of the time, when the rupee varied from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. This amount was the revenue for the year which was drawn from the land in Bengal, or rather such of it as the nawab thought proper to forward to the imperial treasury after paying all the expenses of administration, and filling his own coffers. In the present day the land revenue of Bengal, collected on the Moghul system, would amount to twelve millions sterling at the lowest computation; but in 1793 the British government transformed the zemindars or collectors of revenue into landed proprietors, and fixed the yearly revenue forever at something like three millions

sterling under what is known as the "perpetual settlement." From this latter amount must be deducted all the cost of administration, leaving but a small surplus for roads and other public works. At Patna the two Frenchmen met some Dutchmen, and halted in the open street, and emptied two bottles of Shiraz wine, which at any rate proved that Moghuls were lenient towards Europeans in the matter of wine.

In January, 1666, Tavernier reached Dacca in eastern Bengal, where he had more dealings in jewellery with Shaista Khan, the uncle of Aurangzeb, who was at that time governor or nawab of the province. At Dacca the English and Dutch had factories, and Tavernier and Bernier were apparently treated with all the jovial hospitality which the merchants of olden time never failed to extend to all European strangers who travelled in India.

Tavernier's descriptions of Goa and Golconda are more interesting than his brief notices of the cities of northern India. Goa, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, was woefully on the decline. The Dutch were blockading the port. Noble families that had once been extremely wealthy, and lived in the utmost luxury, were reduced to poverty and starvation and begging for alms. Ladies went about with petitions in the night time, and society was demoralized. The Mohammedan kingdom of Golconda, the modern Hyderabad, was under the rule of a sultan who was as yet independent of the Great Moghul. It was a rich country, abounding in corn, rice, cattle, sheep, fowl, and other commodities necessary to life. The tanks were numerous and abounded with fish. The capital, which is now called Hyderabad, was named after the fortress of Golconda a short distance off. The sultan administered justice from a balcony in the city, which overlooked a square crowded with people, who were barred off with pikes and ropes. A secretary of state stood under the balcony to receive petitions, which were placed in bags and drawn up to the balcony by cords, for the sultan's consideration and orders. The nobles mounted guard in turns, some of them commanding five or six thousand horse soldiers. Horses, camels, and elephants went in frequent processions through the main street; and Tavernier, who lodged in the same street describes the sight as amusing and interesting. The public women played a great part in the social life at Golconda. Above twenty

thousand were registered in the books of the darogah, the head of the police, and none were allowed to follow their calling whose names had not been registered. They paid no tribute to the sultan, but presented themselves before him every Friday as he stood in the balcony, and entertained his Majesty with music and dances. In the cool of the evening they were to be seen at the doors of their little houses, and at night they placed a candle or lighted lamp there as a signal.

The great man in Golconda was an Arab sheikh, who came from Mecca. This man arrived at Golconda as a religious mendicant, and proposed to marry the eldest daughter of the sultan. At first he was laughed at, and then he was thrown into prison. At last he was sent to the seaport of Masulipatam, and placed on board a ship and carried back to his own country. After two years he returned to Golconda, and gained such credit that the sultan gave him the princess in marriage, and made him prime minister. He was passionately fond of mathematics, and in spite of his being a Mohammedan he favored all Christians who were learned in that science. He showed a particular regard to a French Capuchin known as Father Ephraim, who was passing through Golconda on his way to Burma, where he had been sent by his religious superiors. He offered to build a house and church for Father Ephraim, but could not prevail on him to disobey orders. He gave the father a magnificent dress of honor, an ox to carry him to the port of Masulipatam, and two attendants to wait on him during the journey.

The further adventures of Father Ephraim form one of the strangest stories that has ever been told by any traveller in India. He reached Masulipatam, but could not find a ship to carry him to Burma. He made his way to Madras, where the English persuaded him to remain, and built him a house and a church. Three miles to the south of Fort St. George was the town of St. Thomé, on the same coast of Coromandel, which belonged to the Portuguese. Father Ephraim was a Frenchman, but spoke both English and Portuguese as well as Tamil, which last was the language of the country. He preached every Sunday and festival day at Madras, in both Portuguese and Tamil, and attracted such large crowds from St. Thomé that the Portuguese priests grew jealous, and resolved to ruin the French father. The Portuguese picked a quarrel with some English sailors in the St.

Thomé roads, and gave them a good beating. The quarrel led to much altercation between the authorities at Madras and St. Thomé. The English president of Madras demanded satisfaction. Father Ephraim went to St. Thomé as mediator, but was promptly seized by ten or twelve officers of the Inquisition, placed on board a small armed frigate, put into irons, and carried off to Goa, and lodged in the Inquisition. No one dared to interfere. Neither the viceroy of Goa nor the archbishop would interpose; they were specially exempted from the authority of the Inquisition; but notwithstanding their high rank, they each had reason to fear that the inquisitor and his council might complain of their conduct to the king of Portugal, and in that case either of them might have been removed from office and summoned to Lisbon, to account for their proceedings.

In this dilemma a certain Father Zenon, who knew and respected Father Ephraim, proceeded to Madras, and learned all the particulars of the treachery. He kept his plan a secret from the English president, but confided it to the captain of the garrison in Fort St. George, who was an Irishman of great bravery, and very indignant at the way in which Father Ephraim had been kidnapped. It was ascertained that the governor of St. Thomé went every Saturday at early morning to pray at a chapel on a neighboring hill; apparently the "Mount" which is well known to every resident at Madras, and used to be the headquarters of the Madras Artillery. The Irish captain accordingly laid an ambuscade of soldiers near the hill, and arrested the Portuguese governor as he left his palanquin, and carried him off to Madras, and in spite of threats and protestations hurried him to the convent of the Capuchins, and locked him up in a strong cell with iron gratings. Here he was told that he would not be released until Father Ephraim was brought back from Goa. A few days afterwards, however, he was delivered from his prison by a French drummer at Fort St. George, and made his escape to St. Thomé, where he was received with great rejoicings.

Matters began to grow serious for Father Ephraim. The news of his unjust imprisonment by the Inquisition at Goa created a great sensation in Europe. The king of Portugal sent orders to Goa that the father should be immediately released. The pope threatened to excommunicate all the clergy of Goa, if the father was not at once set at liberty. The Inquisition, however, was

all-powerful, and set the king and pope alike at defiance. At last the Mohammedan prince at Golconda, the Arab sheikh who had married the daughter of the sultan, the friend and patron of Father Ephraim, heard how the worthy French priest had been treated by the Portuguese, and interposed lustily in his behalf. The sultan of Golconda was at war against the Hindu rajas of the Carnatic, and sent an order to his general who commanded his forces in the south, to besiege St. Thomé without delay, and to kill and destroy all within it, unless the governor pledged himself that Father Ephraim should be released within two months. The result was that boat after boat was sent from St. Thomé to Goa with pressing entreaties for the release of Father Ephraim. The Inquisition at Goa was compelled to yield to the alarming pressure which had been

brought to bear on the governor of St. Thomé; and the Catholic priest owed his deliverance from his Christian persecutors to the good offices of the Mohammedan sultan of Golconda.

Want of space prevents the extraction of more information from the travels of Tavernier. We have been content to draw attention to a few salient facts, which may possibly give the reader an appetite for more. Men of science who may be anxious to gather authentic information respecting the once famous diamond mines in India, and students desirous of realizing the social condition of the people in an age which is fast passing away, will do well to avail themselves of Dr. Ball's reproduction of the quaint descriptions and gossiping stories of the lively old French jeweller.

J. TALBOYS WHEELER.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S STRATEGY.—An anonymous writer in the *New Review* tells the following suggestive story of Prince Bismarck: When he represented Prussia in the Diet at Frankfort he strongly suspected that his letters and despatches were overhauled in transit, on behalf of Austrian diplomacy; indeed, he complained of it bitterly. Nor was he the only complainant. Others seem to have suffered in like manner; though whether they were equally ingenious in discovering a remedy is doubtful. On one occasion, after a stormy meeting, Bismarck and the Hanoverian representative, or the secretary of the Hanoverian representative, walked away together; and as they walked the Hanoverian touched upon this sore subject, asking Bismarck how he managed to get his letters safely through, if he did manage it. "You shall know by-and-by," was the answer, and on they strolled together, talking of indifferent subjects. Presently the Hanoverian remarked that Bismarck led the way out of the more fashionable quarter of the town into more dingy and yet more dingy bye-ways, and wondered a little but went on. As they entered a street which would be called a slum in London, the Hanoverian observed with attention that Bismarck drew out his gloves, which usually reposed in his pocket; and not only did he clothe his left hand, but, more surprising still, he drew on the right glove also, buttoning each carefully. This done, he looked about him, and, apparently discovering what he sought, advanced to one of the little shops called "general," where the poor provide themselves with tea, bread, cheese, pickles, dried fish, lamp oil, and many other commodities. "Come in with me," said Bismarck to his friend, after

looking through the shop window; and as they entered he raised his voice and continued a conversation, of which the Hanoverian did not recollect the beginning. Ruse obvious, as was at once understood. "Boy," said Bismarck, to a dull-looking lad behind the counter—and interrupting his talk to do so—"do you sell soap?" "Yes, sir." "What soap? what sorts have you got?" "This, and this, and here's another," said the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented cakes. "Well, and how much is this?" the diplomatist asked, handling one of the cakes; "and how much this?" fumbling with another. The price named, a piece was selected, and the conversation went on while the soap was being wrapped in paper. Now Bismarck, as if suddenly recollecting himself, plunged his hand into a breast-pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried: "Do you sell envelopes, boy?—bring them out!" Envelopes—wretched things—were produced; the letter was placed in one of them, and, asking for pen and ink, Bismarck set out to write the address. But, with a monstrous thick glove on, and tightly buttoned up, this was not easy to do. So, flinging down the pen impatiently, he said: "Here, boy; you can write, I suppose? 'Mr. Smith—' etc., etc. The scrawl finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop. "Now," said he to his friend, when they passed outside, at the same time putting the letter to his nose, "what with the soap, the herrings, the candles, and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that!" The perfect detail of this expedient is highly illustrative of Bismarck's way of doing things.

